

— 6-6. 908 SIR GYLES GOOSECAPPE, Knight, a Comedie presented by the
May 21, 1857. Children of the Chappell
FIRST EDITION (Bindley, £1 13s.)
At London by John Windet, 1606

STC 12050.

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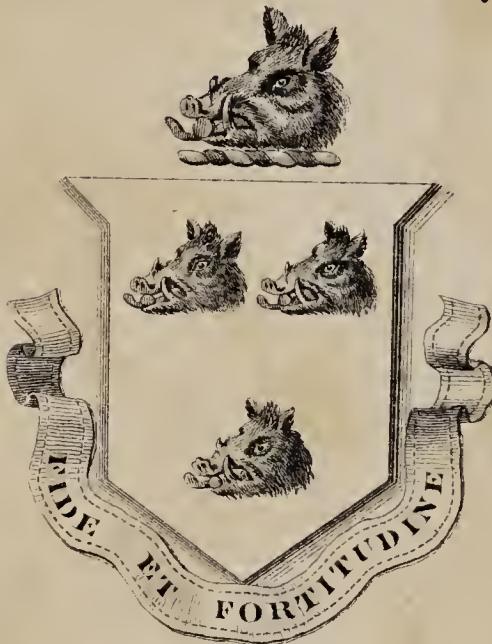
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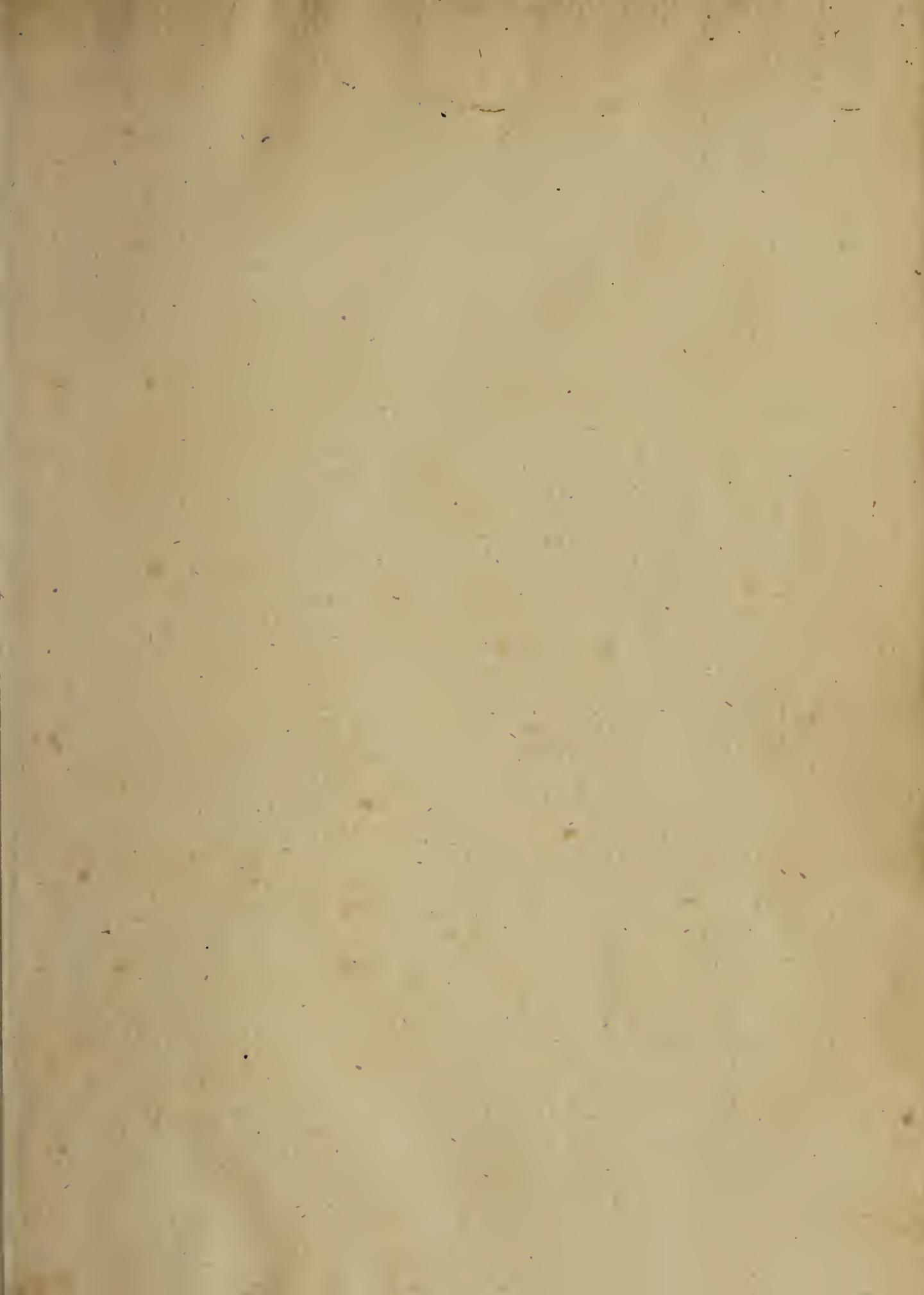


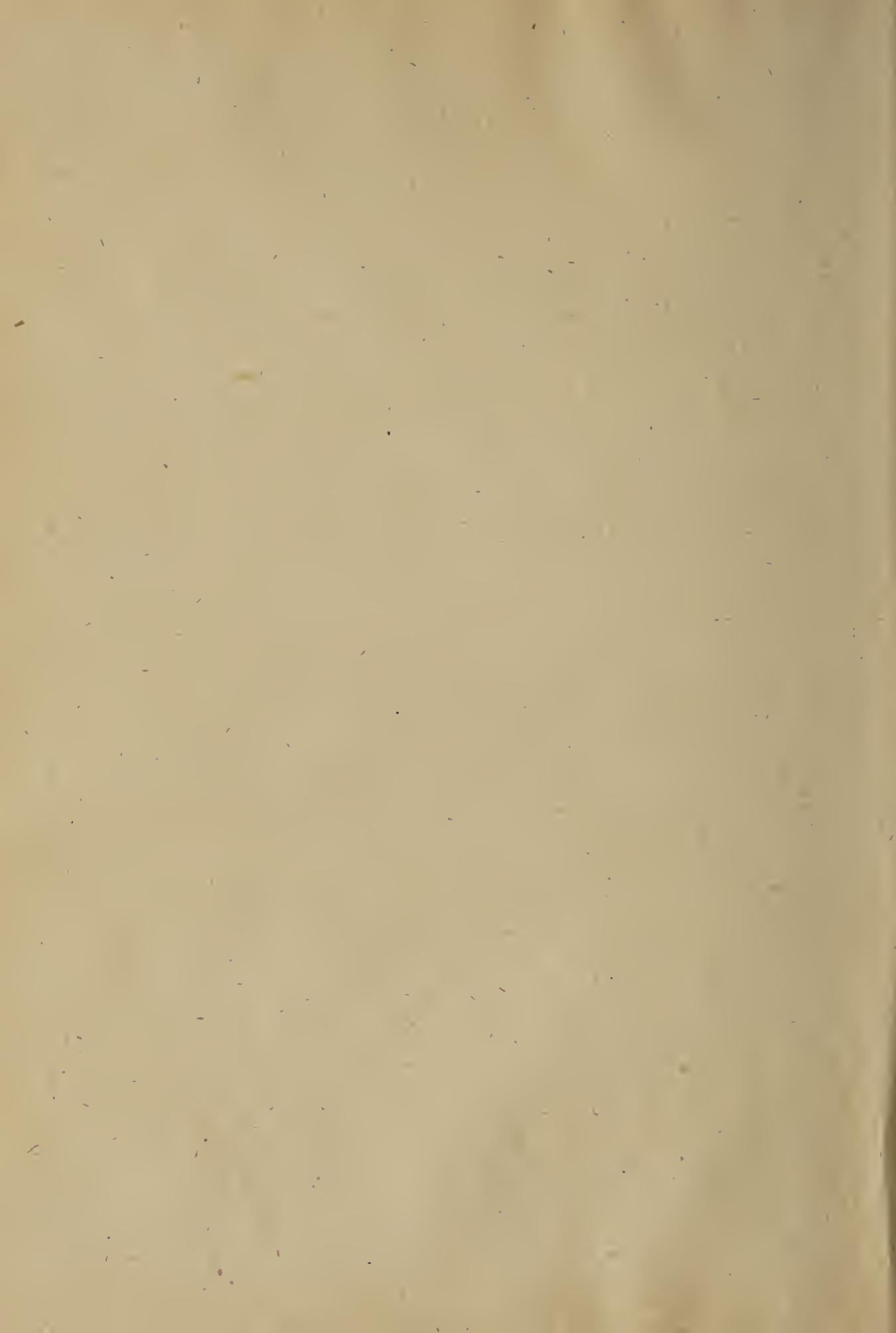
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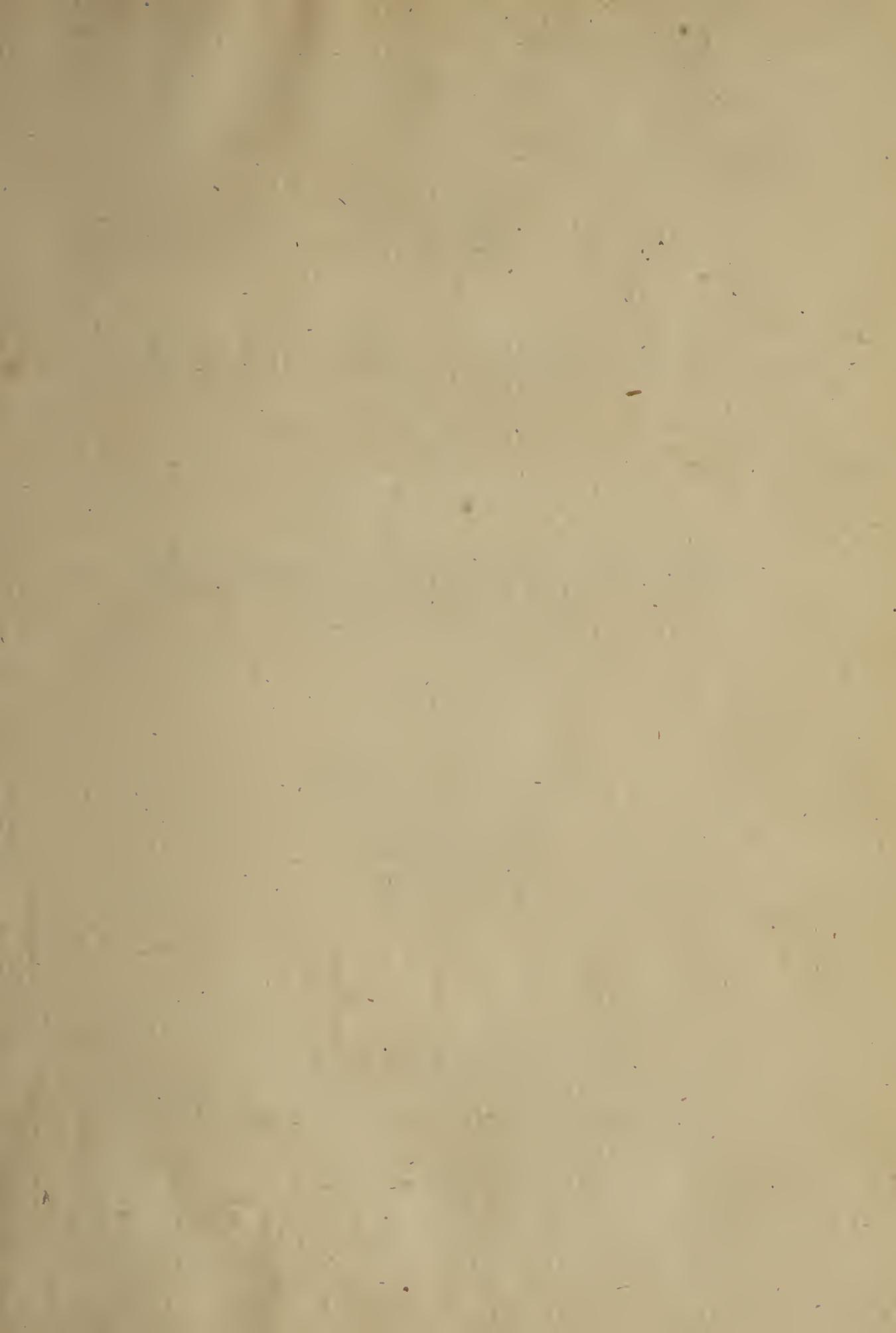
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SWT Ireland

SIR

GYLES GOOSECAPPE

Knight.

A Comedie presented by the Chil;
of the Chappell.



AT LONDON.

Printed by John Windet for
Edward Blunt, 1606.



Eugenia, A widowe, and a Noble Ladie.

Hyppolita,

Penelope, { Ladie-virgines, and Companions to Eugenia.

Wynnifred, gentlewoman to Eugenia.

Monford, A Noble Man, unkle to Eugenia.

Clarence, Gentleman, friend to Monf.

Fowlewether, a french affected Trauayler, & a Captaine.

Sir Giles Goosecap; a foolish knight.

Sir Cuthbert Rudsbie, a blunt knight.

Sir Clement kingcob, a knight.

Lord Tales.

Lord Furnifall.

Bullaker, a french Page.

Jack { Pages
Will

149,634

May, 1873.

MOORHOUSE TA

102,000 Vols. 100,000



SIR GYLES GOOSE- CAPPE, KNIGHT.

ACTVS PRIMVS, SCÆNA PRIMA

Enter Bullaker with a Torche.

Bullaker.

This is the Countesse Eugenias house I thinke, I
can neuer hit of theis same English Cittie
howses, tho I were borne here: if I were in
any Citty in Fraunce, I coulde find any house
there at midnight.

Enter Jacke, and Will.

Jack. Theis two strange hungrie knights (Will) make
the leanest trenchers that ever I waited on.

Will. A plague on them Jack, they leauë vs no fees
at all, for our attendance, I thinke they vse to sett their
bones in siluer they pick them so cleane, see, see, see Jack,
whats thæt?

Jack. A my wörde (Will) tis the great Baboone, that
was to be seene in Southwarke.

Will. Is this he: gods my life what beastes were we,
that we wood not see him all this while, neuer trust mee
if hee looke not somewhat like a man, see how pretely
he holds the torche in one of his forefeete, wheres his
keeper trowe, is he broke loose?

Jack. Hast euer an Apple about thee (Will) wee'll
take him vp sure, we shall get a monstrous deale of mo-
ny with him.

Sir Gyles Goeſec ippe.

Wil. That we shal myfth boy, and looke thou here,
heres a red cheekt apple to take him vp with.

Ia. Excellent fit a my credit, lets lay downe our pro-
uant, and to him.

Bul. Ile let them alone a while.

Ia. Giue me the apple to take vp Lacke, because my
name is Lacke.

Wil Hold thee Lacke, take it.

Ia. Come Lacke, come Lacke, come Lacke.

Bul. I will come to your Sir, Ile Lacke ye a my worde,
Ile Lacke ye.

Wil Gods me he speakes Lacke, O pray pardon vs Sir.

Bul. Out ye mopede monckies can yee not knowe a
man from a Marmasett, in theis Frenchified dayes of
ours: nay ile Lackefie you a little better yet.

Both, Nay good Sir, good Sir, pardon vs.

Bul. Pardon vs, out ye home-bred peasants, plain eng-
lish, pardon vs, if you had parled, & not spoken, but said
pardon me moy; I wood haue pardon'd you, but since you
speake, and not parley, I will cudgell ye better yet.

Ambo O pardonne moy monſieur.

Bul. Bien iẽ vous remercie, ther's pardonne pour vous Sir now.

Wil Why I thanke ye for it Sir, you see me to bee a
Squire of our order Sir.

Ia. Whose page might you be Sir.

Bul. I am now the great French Traualers page.

Wil Or rather the frēch Traualers great page Sir, on, on

Bul. Hight Captaine Fouleweather, alias Cōmenda-
tions; whose valours within here at super with the Coû-
tes Eugenia, whose propper eaters I take you two to be.

Wil You mistake vs not Sir.

Ia. This captain Fouleweather, alias Cōmendations
(Wil) is the gallāt that wil needs be a futor to our Coûtes

Wil Faith and if Fouleweather be a welcome suiter to
a faire Ladie, has good lucke.

Ia. O Sir, beware of one that can showre into the
lapps of Ladies, Captaine Fowleweather & why hees a

Captinado

Captinado; or Captaine of Capaines, and will lie in their loyntes that giue him cause to worke vpon them so heauylie, that hee will make their hertes ake I warrant him; Captaine Fowleweather why hee will make the cold stones sweate for feare of him, a day or two before he come at them. Captaine Fowleweather? why he does so dominere, and raigne ouer women.

Will. A plague of Captaine Fowleweather I remeber him now fack, and know him to be a dull moist braind Asse.

Ia. A Southerne man I thinke.

Will. As fearefull as a Hare, & a will lye like a Lapwing, & I know how he came to be a Captain, & to haue his Surname of Commendations.

Ia. How I preethee Will?

Will. Why Sir he serued the great Ladie Kingcob, and was yeoman of her wadroppe, & because a cood brush vpon her silkes lustely, she thought hee would curry the enimies coates as soundly, and so by her commendations, he was made Captaine in the lowe Countries.

Ia. Then being made Captaine onely by his Ladies commendations, without any worth also of his owne, he was euer after surnamde Captaine Commendations?

Will. Right.

Bul. I Sir right, but if he had not said right, my Captaine shoulde haue taken no wrong at his handes, nor yours neither I can tell ye.

Ia. What are those two Knights names, that are thy captaines Comrades, and within at supper with our Lady?

Bul. One of their names Sir, is, Sir Gyles Gosecappe, the others Sir Cutt. Rudeby.

Will Sir Gyles Gosecappe whats he a gentleman?

Bul. I that he is at least if he be not a noble man, and his chiefe house is in Essex.

Ia. In Essex? did not his Auncestors come out of London?

Bul. Yes that they did Sir, the best Gosecappes.

Sir Gyles Gooscappe.

in England, comes out of London I assure you.

Will I but Sir these must come into it before they come out ont I hope, but what countriman is Sir Cutt. Rudeby?

Bul. A Northern man, or a VVestern man I take him, but my Captaine is the Emphaticall man; and by that pretty word Emphaticall you shall partly know him; for tis a very forcible word in troth, & yet he forces it too much by his fauour; mary no more then he does all the rest of his wordes; with whose multiplicite often times he trauailes himsele out of all good company.

Jack Like enough; he trauaileth for nothing else.

Wil But what qualities haunt Sir Gyles Gooscap now Sir?

Bul. Sir Gyles Gooscap has alwayes a deathes head (as it were) in his mouth, for his onely one reason for euery thing is, because wee are all mortall; and therefore hee is generally cald the mortall knight; then hath he another prettie phrase too, and that is, he will tickle the vanitie ant still in euery thing, and this is your *Summa totalis* of both their virtues.

Ja. Tis enough, tis enough; as long as they haue land enough, but now minister your thirde person afore vs I beseech you,

Bul. The thirde person and second knight blunt Sir Cutt. Rudeby, is indeed blunt at a sharpe wit, and sharpe at a blunt wit: a good bustling gallant talkes well at Rouers; he is two parts souldier; as sloopenlie as a Switzer, and somewhat like one in face too; for he weares a bush beard wil dead a Cannon short better then a woolpacke: hee will come into the presence like yor Frenchman in foule bootes: and dares eate garlik as a prepratiue to his Courtisip; you shall knowe more of him hereafter; but good wags let me winne you now, for the Geographical parts of your Ladies in requitall.

Wil That you shall Sir, and the Hydrographicall too and you will; first my Ladie the widowe, and Countes

Eugenias

Sir Gyles Gooscappe.

Eugenia, is in earnest, a most worthy Ladie, and indeede
can doe more then a thousand other Ladies can doe I
can tell ye.

Bul. Whats that I pray thee?

Iack. Mary Sir, he meanes she can do more then sleep,
and eate and drinke; and play at noddy, and helpe to
make hir selfe readie.

Bul. Can she so?

Will. She is the best scholler of any woman but one in
England, she is wile and vertuous.

Ia. Nay shee has one strange qualitie for a woman
besides, tho these be strange enough that hee has reko-
ned.

Bul. For Gods sake whats that?

Ia. She can loue reasonable constantly, for she loued
her husband only, almost a whole yeere togeather.

Bul. Thats strange indeed, but what is youre faire
Ladie Sir?

Ia. My Ladie Sir, the Ladie *Hippolita*.

Will. That is as chast as euer was *Hippolitus*.

Ia. (True my prettie Parenthesis) is halfe a maid, halfe a
wife, and halfe a widdowe.

Bul. Strange tale to tell; howe canst thou make this
good my good Assumpsit.

Ia. Thus Sir, she was betroathed to a gallant young
gentleman that loude hir with such passion and admi-
ration that he neuer thought he could bee so blessed as
to enjoy her in full marriage, till the minister was mar-
rying them, and euen then when he was saying I *Charles*
take thee *Hippolita*; with extreame ioy he began to looke
pale, then going forwardes saying to my wedded wife,
he lookt paler, and, then pronouncing, for richer for
poorer as long as we both shall liue, he lookt extreame
pale; Now sir when she comes to speake her parte, and
said, I *Hippolita* take thee *Charles*, hee began to faint for
joy, then saying to my wedded husband, hee began to
sinke, but then going forth too for better for worse, he
could

Sir Gyles Gosecappe.

coulde stand no longer but with verie conceit it seemd, that shee whome hee tendred as the best of all thinges, shoulde pronounce the worst, and for his sake, too, hee suncke downe right, and died sodenly: And thus being halfe married, & her halfe husband wholy dead, I hope I may with discretion affirm her, halfe a maide, halfe a wife, and halfe a widdowe; do ye conceiue me Sir?

Bul. O Lord Sir, I deuoure you quicke; and now Sir I beseech you open vnto me your tother Ladie, what is shee?

Will. He answere for her, because I know her Ladiship to be a perfect maide indeed.

Bul. How canst thou know that?

Will. Passing perfectly I warrant ye.

Ia. By measuring her necke twice, and trying if it will come about hir forehead, and slyp ouer her nose?

Will. No Sir no, by a rule that wil not slip so I warrant you, which for hir honours sake I wil let slip vnto you, gods so Iack, I thinke they haue supt.

fa. Bir Ladie we haue waited wel the while.

Will. VVell though they haue lost their attendance, let not vs lose our Suppers Iack.

Iack. I doe not meane it, come Sir you shall goe in and drinke with vs yfaith.

Bul. Pardon me moy monsieur.

both. No pardoning in trueth Sir.

Bul. Je vous remercy de bon Ceur.

Ereum.

Enter Gooscappe Rudesby Foulweather Eugenia
Hippol. Penelope, Wynde.

Rud. A plague on you sweete Ladies, tis not so late, what needed you to haue made so short a supper.

Goos. In trueth Sir Cutt, we might haue tickled the vanitie ant, an howre longer if my watch be trustible.

Foul. I but how should theis bewties knowe that Sir Gyles? your watch is mortall, and may erre.

Goos.

Sir Gyles Gooscappe.

Go. That's sooth Captain, but do you hear honest friēd
pray take a light, and see if the moone shinc, I haue a
Sunne diall will resolute presently.

Fo. Howsoever belieue it Ladies, tis vnholosome, vn-
courtlie, vnplesant to eate hastelie, & rise sodainly, a man
can shew no discourse, no witt, no stirring, no varietie,
no prettie conceit, to make the meate goe down
Eu. Winnefred.

Win. Madam.

Eu. I prethie goe to my vnkle the Lord Momford, and
intreat him to come quicken our eares with some of his
pleasant Spirit; This same Fowlweather has made me so
melanchollie, prethie make haste.

Win. I will madam.

Hip. VVewill bid our guests good night madam, this
same Fowlweather makes me so sleepey.

Pen. Fie vpon it, for Gods sake shut the Casements,
heres such a fulsome aire comes into this chamber; in
good faith madame you must keepe your house in bet-
ter reparations, this same Fowlweather beats in so filthily.

Eug. He take order with the Porter for it Ladie, good
night gentlemen.

Rn. VVhy good night & be hāgd, & youl needs be gon.

Goos. God giue you good night madams, thanke you
for my good cheere, weeble tickle the vanitieant, no
longer with you at this time, but ile indite your La: to
supper at my lodging one of these mornings; and that
ere long too, because we are all mortall you know.

Eu. Light the Ladie Penelope, and the Ladie Hippolita to
their chambers, good night faire Ladies.

Hip. Good night madam, I wish you may sleepe well
after your light supper.

Eug. I warrant you Ladie I shall never be troubled with
dreaming of my Frēch Suter.

Exeunt

Rn. VVhy how now my Frēchified captain Fowlweather?
by gods ludd thy surname is never thought vpō here, I
perceiue heeres no bodie giues thee any commendations.

Fo. VVhy this is the vntauaile radnes of our grose Eng-

Sir Gyles Goosfe appē.

lefth Ladics now; would any French Ladie vse a man thus
thinke ye? be they any way so vnciuil, and fulsome? they
say they weare fowle smockes, and course smockes, I
say they lie, and I will die int.

Rud. I, doe so, pray thee, thou shalt die in a very ho-
norabile cause, thy countries generall quarrell right.

Foul. Their smockes quoth you? a my worde you shal
take them vp so white, and so pure, so sweet, so Empha-
ticall, so mouing.

Rud. I marry Sir, I think they be continually mouing.

Foul. But if their smockes were Course or foule.

Rud. Nay I warrant thee thou ca rest not, so thou were
at them.

Foul S'death they put not all their virtues in their
smockes, or in their mockes, or in their stewde cockes
as our Ladie doe.

Rud. But in their stewde pox, theres all their gentili-
tie.

Goos. Nay good Sir Cutt. doe not agrauate him no
more.

Foul. Then are they so kinde, so wise, so familiare
so noble, so sweet in entertainment, that when you shal
have cause to discourse or sometimes to come neerer
them; if your breath bee ill, your teeth ill, or any thing
about you ill, why they will presently breake with ye,
in kind sort, good termes, pretty experiments, and tell
you plaine this; thus it is with your breath Sir, thus it is
with your teeth Sir, this is your disease, and this is your
medicine.

Goos. As I am true mortall Knight, it is most superla-
tively good, this.

Foul. Why this is Courtly now, this is sweete, this
plaine, this is familiar, but by the Court of France, our
peuishe dames are so proud, so precise, so coy, so disdain-
full, and so subtil, as the Pomonean Serpent, mort dieu the
Punck of Babilon was neuer so subtil.

Rud. Nay doe not chafe so Captaine.

Foul. Your

Sir Giles Gooscappe.

Foul. Your Frenchman wood euer chafe Sir Cutt, being thus moude.

Rud. VVhat: and play with his beard so.

Foul. I and brystle, it doth expresse that passion of an-
ger veryfull and emphaticall.

Goos. Nay good knight if your French wood brystle,
let him alone, introth our Ladies are a little too coy and
subtil Captaine indeed.

Foul. Subtle Sir Giles Gooscappe? I assure your Soule,
they are as subtil with their suters, or loues, as the La-
tine Dialect where the nominatiue Case, and the verbe,
the Substantiue, and the Adiectiue, the verbe, and the
verbe, stand as far a sunder, as if they were perfect stran-
gers one to another; and you shall hardly find them out,
but then leatne to Construe, and perse them, and you
shall find them prepard, and acquainted, & agree toge-
ther, in Case, gender, and number.

Goos. I detest Sir Cutt, I did not thinke hee had bin
halfe the quintissence of a scholler he is.

Foul. Slydd theres not one of them truely emphatical.

Goos. Yes Ille ensure you Captaine, there are many of
them truely Emphaticall but all your French Ladies are
not fatt? are they Sir?

Foul. Eat Sir, why doe yee thinke Emphaticall is fatt
Sir Giles?

Rud. Gods my life brother knight, didst thou thinke
so? hart I know not what it is my selfe, but yet I never
thought it was fatt, Ille be sworne to thec.

Foul. Why if any true Courtly dame had had but this
new fashioned sute, to entertaine any thing in different-
ly stuffed, why you should haue had her more respectiue
by farre.

Rud. Nay theres some reason for that Captaine, me
thinks a true woman should perpetually doate vpon a
new fashion.

Foul. VVhy y'are i'thrift Sir Cutt. *In noua fert Anis
mas matatas diecroformas.* tis the mind of man, and wo-

Sir Gyles Goofecappe.

man to affect new fashions; but to our Mynsatiues for
sooth, if he come like to your Besogno, or your bore, so he
bee rich, or emphaticall, they care not; would I might
neuer excell a dutch Skipper in Courtshippe, if I did not
put distaste into my carriage of purpose; I knew I should
not please them. Lacquay? allume le torche.

Rud. Slydd, heres neither Torch, nor Lacquay me
Foul. O mon daw. heathenish : thinks,

Rud. O doe not fyare Captaine.

Font, Your Frenchman euer sweares Sir Cutt, vpon the
lacke of his Lacquay I assure you.

Goof. See heers he comes, and my Ladies two pages,
they haue bin tickling the vanitie on yfaire.

SCÆNA TERTIA.

Entertain them, I ask. Bultaker, Will.

Ia. Captaine Fowleweather, my Ladie the Countes
Eugenia commends hit most kindly to you, and is deter-
mined to morrowe morning earely if it be a frost to take
her Coach to Barnet to bee nipt, where if it please you,
to meet her, and accompany her homewarde, ioyning
your wit with the frost, and helpe to nippe her. She does
not doubt but tho you had a fad supper, you will have
a ioyfull breakefait.

Foul, I shall indeed my deare youth,

Rud. Why Captaine I abusd thee, I see: I said the last
dies respeched thee not, and now I perceiue the widowe
is in loue with thee.

Foul. Sblood knight I knew. I had strucke her to the
quicke, I wendred shee departed in that extrauagant
fashion: I am sure I past one Passado of Courtship vpon
her, that has heretofore made a lane amongst the French
Ladies like a Culuering I shot, Ile be sworne; and I think,
Sir Gyles you saw how she fell vnder it.

Goof. O as cleare as candlelight, by this day-light.

Rud. O good knight a the post, heele swere any thing

Will The other two Ladies commend them no lesse
kindly to you two knights too; & desire your worships
wood meete them at Barnet i th morning with the Cap.

Paul Gooch Read. O. good Sir.

Goof. Our worships shal attend their Ladiships thether.

Ia. No Sir Gyles by no meanes, they will goe priuately thether, but if you will meet them there.

Rud. Meet them, weeble die fort, but weeble meet them.

Foul. Lets goe thether to night knights, and you bee true gallants.

Rud. Content.

fa. How greedely they take it in Sirra.

Goof. No it is too farre to goe to night, weeble bee vp betimes ith morning, and not goe to bedd at all.

Foul. Why its but ten miles, & a fine cleere night S. Gyles

Goof. But ten miles? what doe ye talke Captaine?

Rud. VVhy doost thinke its any more?

Goof. I, lle laie ten pounds its more then ten mile, or twelue either.

Rud. VVhat to Barnet?

Goof. I, to Barnet?

Ru. Slidd, lle laie a hūdred pou'd with thee, if thou wilt.

Goof. Ile laie fīue hundred, to a hundred, Slight I will not be outborne with a wager, in that I know, I am sure it was foure yeates agō ten miles thether, and I hope tis more now, Slidd doe not miles growe thinke you, as well as other Animals.

Ia. O wise Knight!

Gof. I neuer Innd in the Towne but once, and then they lodged me in a Chamber so full of theise Ridiculus Fleas, that I was faine to lie standing all night, and yet I made my man rise, and put out the candle too, because they should not see to bite me.

Foul. A prettie project.

Bul. Intruth Captain if I might aduise you, you should tarrie, and take the morning afore you.

Foul. How? O mon Diew, how the villaine poullroune, dishoneurs his trauaile? you Buffonly Mouchroun, are you so mere rude, and English to aduise your Captaine?

Ru. Nay I prethie Forleweather be not tēpesteous with thy poore Lacquay.

Foul. Tēpesteous Sir Cutt, will your Frenchman thinke you, suffer his Lacquay to aduise him? Go. O God.

Sir Gyles Gooscappe.

Ge. O God you must take heed Lacquy how you aduise your captain, your Frēch lacquay would not haue don it.

Foul. He would haue bin poxt first: *Allume le torche*, sweet pages commend vs to your Ladies, say wee kisse their white handes, and will not faile to meeete them: knights which of you leades?

Goos. Not we Sir, you are a Captaine, and a leader.

Rud. Besides, thou art commended for the better man, for thou art very Commendations it selfe, and Captaine Commendations.

Foul. VVhy, what tho I be Captaine Commendations?

Rud. VVhy and Captain commendations, is hartie commendations, for Captaines are hartie I am sure, or else hang them,

Foul. VVhy, what if I bee harty Commendations, come, come, sweete knights leade the way.

Rud. O Lorde Sir, alwaies after my hartie Commendations.

Foul. Nay then you conquer mee with president, by the Autenticall forme of all Iustice letters, *Alloun.*

Exeunt.

✓ *Ia.* Heres a most sweet Gudgeon swallowed, is there not?

✓ *Will* I but how will they disgest it thinkest thou; when they shall finde our Ladies not there?

✓ *Ia.* I haue a vaunt-Curriing devise shall make them digest it most healthfully.

Exeunt.

SCÆNA QVARTA.

Enter Clarence Musicians.

Cla. VVorke on sweet loue, I am not yet resolud
To exhaust this troubled spring of vanities
And nurse of perturbations, my poore life,
And therefore since in euery man that holds
This being deare, there must be some desire
VVhose power to enjoy his obiect may so maske

The

Sir Gyles Gooscappe.

The Judging part that in her radyant eyes
His estimation of the world may see me
Vpright, and worthy, I haue chosen loue
To blind my Reason with his mistie handes
And make my estimatiue power beleiue
I haue a project worthy to employ
VVhat worth so euer my whole man affordes:
Then sit at rest my Soule, thou now hast found
The ende of thy infusion, in the eyes
Of thy diuine *Eugenia* looke for heauen!

Cla. Thanks gentle friends A song to the Violls
is your good Lord and mine, gon vp to bedd yet?

Enter Momford.

Mom. I do assure ye not Sir, not yet, nor yet, my deep,
and studious friend, not yet musicall Clarence.

Cla. My Lord?

Mom. Nor yet, thou sole deuider of my Lordshippe.

Cla. That were a most vnsit diuision
And farre aboue the pitche of my lowe plumes
I am your bold and constant guest my Lord.

Mom. Far, far from bold, for thou hast known me long
Almost theis twentic yeares, and halfe those yeares

Hast bin my bedfellow; long time before
This vunseen thing, this thing of nought indeed
Or *Atome* cald, my Lordshippe shinde in me,
And yet thou makst thy selfe as little bould
To take such kindnes, as becomes the Age
And truth of our indissolable love

As our acquaintance sprong but yesterday
Such is thy gentle and too tender Spirit.

Cla. My Lord, my want of Courtship makes me feare
I should be rude, and this my meane estate
Meeter with such enuie, and detraction
Such misconstruktions, and resolud misdoomes
Of my poore worth, that should I be aduaunc'd

Beyonde

Sir Gyles Gooscappe.

Beyond my vnseene lowenes, but one haire
I should be torne in peeces with the Spirits
That flye in ill-lungd tempests through the world,
Tearing the head of vertue from her shoulders
If she but looke out of the ground of glorie.
Twixt, whome, and me, and euery worldlie fortune
There fights such sowre, and Curst *Antipathy*
So waspish, and so petulant a Starre,
That all things tending to my grace or good
Are rauisht from their obiect, as I were
A thing created for a wildernes
And must not thinke of any place with men.

Mom. O harke you Sir, this waiwarde moode of yours
must syfted be, or rather rooted out,
youle no more musick Sir?

Cla. Not now my Lord,

Mom. Begon my masters then to bedd, to bedd.

Cla. I thanke you honest friends *Exeunt Musicians.*

Mo. Hence with this book, & now *Monsieur Clarence*,
methinks plaine & prole friendship would do excellent
well betwixt vs comethus Sir, or rather thus, come Sir
tis time I trowe that we both liu'd like one bodie, thus,
and that both our sides were slit, and Concorporat
with *Organs* fit to effect an indiuiduall passage euene for
our very thoughts; suppose wee were one bodie now,
and I charge you beleue it; whereof I am the hart, and
you the luer.

Cla. Your Lordship might well make that diuision if
you knew the plaine song.

Mom. O Sir, and why so I pray?

Cla. First because the heart, is the more worthy entraile,
being the first that is borne, and moues, and the
last that moues, and dies; and then being the fountaine
of heate too, for wheresoever our heate does not flowe
directly from the hart to the other *Organs*, there, their
action must of necessitie cease, and so without you I ne-
ther would nor could liue.

Mom.

Sir Giles Gooscappe.

Mom. VVcl Sir for these reasons I may be the heare,
why may you be the liuer nowe.

Cla. I am more then ashame, to tell you that my
Lord.

Mom. Nay nay be not too suspitious of my iudgement,
in you I beseech you: a shain'd friend? if your loue ouer-
come not that shame, a shame take that loue I saie.

Come sir why may you be the liuer?

Cla. The plaine and short truth is (my Lord) because
I am all liuer, and tournd louer.

Mom. Louer?

Cla. Louer yfaith my Lord.

Mom. Now I prethee let me leape out of my skin for
joy why thou wilt not now reviue the sociable mirth
of thy sweete disposition? wilt thou shine in the world a
new? and makē those that haue sleighted thy loue, with
the Austeritic of thy knowledge, doate on the againe
with thy commaunding shaft of their humors?

Cla. A las my Lord they are all farre out of my aimes,
and onely to fit my selfe a little better to your friend-
shippe, haue I giuen these wilfull raygnes to my affec-
tions.

Mom. And yfaith is my sower friend to all worldlie
desires ouertaken with the hart of the world? Loue I
shall be monstrous proud now, to heare shees euerie
way a most rare woman that I know thy spirit, & iudge-
ment hath chosen, is she wise? is she noble? is she capa-
ble of thy vertues? will she kisse this forehead with iudis-
ciall lipps? where somuch iudgement & vertue deserues
it? Come brother Twyn, be short I charge you, & name
me the woman.

Cla. Since your Lordship will shorten the length of
my follies relation, the woman that I so passionate lie
loue, is no worse Ladie then your owne Neece, the too
worthie Countesse Eugenia.

Mom. VVhy so, so, so, you are a worthie friend are
you not to conceale this loue-mine in your head, and

would not open it to your hart, now beshow my hart; if my hart dance not for ioy tho my heeles do not, & they doe not, because I will not set that at my heeles that my friends set at his heart, what? friende and Nephew? both nephew is a far inferior title to friend I confess, but I will preferre the backwards (as many friends doe) & leaue their friends worse then they found them,

Clas. But my noble Lo. it is almost a prodegie, that I being onely a poore Gentleman, and farre short of that st ate and wealth that a Ladie of her greatnesses in both will expect in her husband.

Mom. Hold thy doubt friend, neuer feare any woman, vntill thy selfe be made of strawe, or some such drie matter, and she of lightning, Andacitie prospers aboue probabilitie in all worldlie matters, dost not thou knowe that Fortune gouernes them without order, and therefore reason the mother of order is none of her counsaile, why should a man desiring to aspire an vnreasonable creature which is a woman? seeke her fruition by reasonable meanes, because thy selfe bindes vpon reason, wilt thou looke for congruitie in a woman? why? there is not one woman amongst one thousand, but will speake false Latine, and breake Priscians head, attempt nothing that you may with great reason doubt of, and out of doubt you shall obtaine nothing, I tell thee friend the eminent confidence of strong spirits is the onely wicke-craft of this world, Spirits wrastling with spirits, as bodies? with bodies? this were enough to make the hope well, if she were one of these painted communities, that are rauisht with Coaches, and vpper hands, and braue men of durt; but thou knowest friend shees a good scholler, and like enough to bite at the rightest reason, and reason euermore *Ad optimam hortetur: to like that which is best, not that which is brauest, or rightest, or greatest, and so consequently worst, But proue what she can, we will turne her, and winde her, and mak*

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make her so pliyant that we will drawe her through a wedding ring y faith.

Cla. Would to god we might my Lord,

Mom. Ile warrant thee friend.

Enter Messenger.

Mes. VVhere is mistris Winnifred; for my Lady Eugenia desires to speake with your Lordshippe.

Mom. Marrie enter mistris Winnifred; eu'en here I pray thee, from the Ladie Eugenia, doe you heare friend?

Cla. Very easilie on that side my Lord.

Mom. Let me feele? does not thy heart pant apace, by my hart well labor'd Cupid, the field is yours sir God, and vpon a verie honourable composition, I am sent for now I am sure, and must eu'en trusse and to her:

Enter Winnifred:

wittie mistris Winnifred, nay come neete woman I am sure this Gentleman thinkes his chamber the sweeter for your deare presence.

Win. My absence shall thanke him my Lord.

Mom. VVhat rude Mistris Winnifred; nay faith you shall come to him, and kisse him, for his kiadenesse.

Win. Nay good my Lord, Ile never goe to the market for that ware I can haue it brought hōe to my dore

Mom. O Winnifred, a man may know by the market-folkes how the market goes.

Win. So you may my Lord, but I knowe fewe Lords that thynke scorne to go to that market theselues.

Mom. To goe to it Winnifred, nay to ride to it yfaith.

Win. Thats more then I knowe my Lord.

Mom. Youle not belieue it till you are then a horsebacke, will ye? (heare it?)

Win. Come, come, I am sent of a message to you wil you

Mom. Stoppe, stoppe faire Winnifred, would you haue audience so soone, there were no state in that yfaith; this faire gentlewoman sir,

Win. Nuw we shall haue a fiction I belieue.

Mom. Had three Susters at once.

Win. Youle

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Wm. Youle leaue out none my Lord.

Mom. No more did you Winnifred you enterferde with them all in truth.

Win. O Monstrous Lord by this light!

Mom. Now Sir to make my tale short I will doe that which she did not; yz. leaue out the two first, the third comming the third night for his turne.

Win. My Lord, my Lord, my Ladie does that, that no bodie else does, desires your companie and so fare you well.

Mom. O stay a little sweet Winnifred, helpe me but to trusse my pointes againe, and haue with you.

Win. Not I by my truth my Lord, I had rather see your hose about your heeles, then I would helpe you to trusse a point.

Mom. O wittie Winnifred? for that I lefft, take thy passport, and tell thy Ladie thou leftest me with my hose about my heeles.

Win. Well, well my Lord you shall sit till the mosse grow about your heeles, ere I come at you againe. *exit.*

Mom. She cannot abide to heare of her three Suiters; but is not this verie fit my sweete Clarence? Thou seest my rare Neece cannot sleep without me; but for thy company sake, she shall to night; and in the morning I will visit her carely; when doe thou but stand in that place, and thou maiest chance heare, (but art sure to see) in what subtil, and farre-fetcht manner I le solicite her about thee.

Ela Thanks worthie Lord.

exit.

Finis. *Actus secundus Primis.*

ACTVS SECUNDI SÆNA. PRIMA
Clarence. *Solus.*

Ch. I That haue studied with world-skorning thoughts
the waie of heauen, and how crew heaven is reaht
To

Sir Gyles. Goosecappe.

To know how mightie, and how many are
The strange affections of inchaunted number
How to distinguish all the motions
Of the Celestiall bodies, and what powre
doth seperate in such forme this massie Rownd:
VVhat is his Essence, Efficacie, Beames?
Footesteps, and Shadowes? what Eternelles is
The world, and Time, and Generation?
VVhat Soule, the worldes Soule is? what the blacke
And vtreueald Originall of Things, (Springes
VVhat their perseverance? what is life and death,
And what our Certaine Restauration?
Ami with the staid heads of this Time employd
To watch withall my Nerves a Female shade,

Enter Wynefred, Anabell, with their sowing workes
and sing: After their song Enter
Lord Mornford.

Mom. VVitty Mistresse Wynefred, where is your
Countesse I pray?

Wyn. Faith your Lordship is bould enough to seeke
her out, if she were at her vrinall?

Mom. Then Sh'as done it seemes, for here she comes
to saue mee that labour, awzy wenches, get you hence
wenches.

Eu. VVhat, can you not abide my maides vngle?

Mom. I neuer cood abide a maid in my life Neece, but
either I draw away the maid, or the maidenhead with a
wet finger.

Eu. You loue to make your selfe worse then you are stil.

Mom. I know fewe mend in this world; Madam, For
the worse the better thought on, the better the worse
spoken on euer amongst women.

Eu. I wonder where you haue binne all this while with
your sentences.

Mom. Faith where I must be again presently. I can
not stay long with you my deere Neece.

Eng. By

Eu. By my faith but you shall my Lorde, Gods pittie what wil become of you shortly, that you driue maids before you, & offer to leaue widowes behind you, as man-kindelie, as if you had taken a surfeit of our Sex lately, and our very sight turnd your stomache.

Mom. Gods my life, She abuses her best vnkle; neuer trust mee if it were not a good reuenge to helpe her to the losse of her widowhead.

Eu. That were a reuenge and a halfe, indeed.

Mom. Nay twere but a whole reuenge Neece, but such a reuenge as woulde more then obserue the true rule of a reuenge.

Eu. I know your rule before you vtter it, *Viciscere Inimico sed sine tuo incommodo*.

Mom. O rare Neece, you may see, what tis to bee a scholler now, Learning in a woman is like waight in gold, or Luster in Diamants, which in no other Stone is so rich or resfulgent.

Eng. But say deere Vnkle how could you finde in your heart to stay so long from me.

Mom. VVhy alas Neece, y'are so smeard with this willfull-widdowes three yecres blacke weede, that I neuer come to you, but I dreame of Courses, and Sepulchres, and Epitaths, all the night after, and therefore adew deere Neece.

Eng. Beshrew my hearte my Lorde, if you goe theis three houres.

Mom. Three houres? nay Neece, if I daunce attendance three houres (alone in her chamber) with an Lady so neere alid to me, I am verie idle isaith; marie with such an other; I woulde daunce, one, two, three, four, and fife, tho it cost me tenne shillings; and now I am in, haue at it, my head must devise something while my feet are pidling thus, that may bring her to some fit consideration of my friend, who indeed is only a great scholler, and all his honours, and riches lie in his mind.

Eng. Come, Come, pray tell me vnkle, how does my cosen

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coſen Momford?

Mom. VVhy, well, verie well Neece, & ſo is my friend Clarence well too; & then is there a worthie gentleman well as any is in England I can tell ye.

Eug. But when did you ſee my Coſen?

Mom. And tis pittie but he ſhould do well, and he ſhall be well too, if all my wealth will make him well.

Eug. VVhat meaneſ hee by this tro yee, your Lo: is verie dancitue me thinkes.

Mom. I, and I could tell you a thing would make your Ladifhip verie dancitue, or else it were verie dunsatue yfaith. O how the ſkipping of this Christmas blocke of ours moues the blockhead heart of a woman, & indeed any thing that pleafeth the fooliſh eye which preſently runnes with a lying tale of Excellence to the mind.

Eug. But I pray tell me my Lord could you tell me of a thing would make me dance ſay you?

Mom. VVel, fare well sweet Neece I muſt needs take my leauē in earnest.

Eug. Lord blesſe vs, heres ſuch a ſtr with your farewels.

Mom. I wil ſee you againe within theſe two or three dayes a my woord Neece.

Eug. Gods preſious, two or three dayes? why this Lord is in a marualous ſtrange humor. Sit downe ſweet Vnkle, yfaith I haue to talke with you about greate matters.

Mom. Say then deere Neece, bee ſhorte, utte your mind quickly now.

Eug. But I pray tell me first, whatſ that would make me daunce yfaith?

Mom. Daunce, what daunce?: heþerto your dauncers legges bow for-ſooth, and Caper, and Ierke, and Firke, and dandle the bodie aboue them, as it were their great childe, though the ſpeciall Ierker bee aboue this place I hope, here lies that ſhudd fetch a perfect woman ouer the Coles yfaith.

Eug. Nay good Vnkle ſay whatſ the thing you could

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could tel me of.

Mom. No matter, no matter: But let mee see a passing prosperous forehead of an exceeding happy distace betwixt the eyc browes; a cleere lightning eye; a temperate and freshe bloud in both the cheeke; excellent markes, most excellent markes of good fortune.

Eng. VVhy, how now Vnkle, did you never see mee before?

Mom. Yes Neece; but the state of these thinges at this instant must bee specially obserued, and these outward signes being now in this cleere elevation, shewe your vntroubled mind is in an excellent power, to preferre them to a & forth then a litle deere Neece.

Eng. This is excellent,

Mom. The Creses here are excellent good; The proportion of the chin good; the little aptnes of it to sticke out; good. And the wart aboue it most exceeding good. Neuer trust me, if all things bee not answerable to the predictiō of a most diuine fortune towards her; now if shee haue the grace to apprehend it in the nicke; thers all.

Eng. VVell my Lorde, since you will not tell me your secret, ile keepe another from you; with whose discouerie, you may much pleasure mee, and whose concealement may hurt my estate. And if you bee no kinder then to see mee so indangered; ile bee very patient of it I assure you.

Mom. Nay then it must instantly foorth. This kind coniuration euен fires it out of me; and (to be short) gather all your Judgment togeather, for here it comes. Neece; Clarence Clarence, rather my Soule then my friēd Clarence of too substantiall a worth, to haue any figures cast about him, (notwithstanding, no other woman with Empires could stirre his affections) is with your vertues most extreamely in loue; and without your requitall dead. And with it Fame shall sound this golden disticke through the world of you both.

MW
of
cur.

Sir Gyles Gooscappe.

Non illa melior quisquam nec amantior equi
Vir fuit, aut illa reverentior villa Dearum.

Eng. Ay me poore Dame, O you amase me Vnkle,
Is this the wondrous fortune you presage?
VVhat man may miserable women trust?

Mom. O peace good Ladie, I come not to rauishe
you to any thing. But now I see how you accept my mo-
tion: I perceiue (how vpon true triall) you esteeme me.
Haue I ridd al this Circuite to leuie the powers of your
Iudgment, that I might not prooue their strength too
sodainly with so violent a charge: And doe they fight it
out in white bloud. And shewe me their hearts in the
soft Christall of teares.

Eng. O vnkle you haue wounded your selfe in charg-
ing me that I should shun Iudgement as a monster, if it
woulde not weepe; I place the poore felicitie of this
worlde in a woorthie friende, and to see him so vnwor-
thely reuolted, I shedd not the teares of my Brayne, but
the teares of my soule. And if euer nature made teares
the effects of any worthie cause, I am sure I now shedde
them worthelie.

Mom. Her sensuall powers are vp yfaith, I haue thrust
her soule quite from her Tribunall. This is her Sedes va-
cans when her subiects are priueledged to libell against
her, and her friends. But weeps my kind Neece for the
wounds of my friendshipp? and I toucht in friendship
for wishing my friende doubled in her singular happi-
nesse?

Eng. How am I doubl'd? when my honour, and good
name, two essentiall parts of mee; woulde bee lesse, and
lost?

Mom. In whose Iudgment?

Eng. In the iudgment of the world.

Mom. Which is a fooles boult. Nihil a vertute nec a
viritate remotius quam Vulgaris opinio? But my deare Neece,

Sir Giles Gooscappe.

it is most true that your honour and good name tenu-
dred as they are the species of truth are worthilie two
essentiall parts of you; But as they consist only in ayrie
titles and corrupteble blood (whose bitternes *sanitas
et non nobilitas efficit*) and care not how many base and
execrable acts they commit, they touch you no more
then they touch eternitie. And yet shal no nobilitie you
haue in either, be impaired neither.

Eng. Not to marrie a poore gentleman?

Mom. Respect him not so; for as he is a gentleman
he is noble; as he is welthilie furnished with true know-
ledge, he is rich and therein adorn'd with the ex-
aest complements beloaging to eulasting noblenesse.

Eng. Which yet will not maintaine him a weeke: Such
kinde of noblenesse giues no cotes of honour nor
can scarce gette a cote for necessitie.

Mom. Then is it not substantiall knoweledge (as it is
in him) but verball and fantasticall for *Omnia in illa illa
complexu tenet*.

Eng. VVhy seekes he me then?

Mom. To make you ioynt partners with him in all
thinges, and there is but a little partiall difference be-
twixt you, that hinders that vniuersall ioynture: The
bignesse of this circle held too neer our eye keepes it frō
the whole Spheare of the Sunne but; could we sustaine
it indifferently betwixt vs and it, it would then without
checke of one beame appeare in his fulnes.

Eng. Good Vnkle be content for now shall I ne-
uer dreame of contentment.

Mom. I haue more then done Ladie, and had rather
haue suffer'd an alteration of my being then of your
Iudgement; but (deere neece) for your owne honour
sake repaire it instantly.

Enter Hippolita, Penelope, Jack, Will.

See heere comes the Ladies; make an A-
ppall day: one deare loue and be sodainely cheere-
full.

Sir Giles Gooscappe.

full God saue you more then faire Ladies, I am glad
your come, for my busines will haue me gone pre-
sently.

Hip. VVhy my Lord Momford I say? wil you goe be-
fore dinner?

Mom. No remedie sweete Bewties, for which rude-
nesse I lay my hands thus lowe for your pardons:

Pen. O Courteous Lord Momford!

Mom. Necce? Mens estqua sola quietos.
Sola facit claros mentemque honoribus ornat exit

Eug Verus honoros Iuuas ac mendax infamia terret.

Mom. Mine owne deare nephew?

Cla. VVhat successe my Lord?

Mom. Excellent; excellent; come Ile tell thee
all. exēunt

Hip. Doc you heare madam, how our youthes here
haue guld our three suiters?

Eug not I Ladie, I hope our suiters are no fit meat
for our Pages.

Pe. No madam, but they are fit sawce for anie
mans meat Ile warrant them.

Eug. VVhat's the matter Hippolita?

Hip. They haue sent the knightes to Barnet madam
this frostie morning to meeete vs their.

Eug. I st true youths, are knights fit subiects for your
knaueries?

Wil. Pray pardon vs madam, we would be glad to
please anie body.

Ia. I indeed madam and we were sure we pleasd the
highly to tell the you were desirous of their companie.

Hip. O twas good Eugenia, their liuers were too hot,
you know, and for temper sake they must needes haue
a cooling carde plaid vpon them.

Wil. And besides madam we wood haue them knowe
that your two little Pages, which are lesse by halfe

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then two leaues, haue more learning in them then is in
all their three volumnes.

Ia. I faith Will, and putt their great pagicall index to
them too.

Hip. But how will ye excuse your abuses wags?

Will We doubt not madam, but if it please your La-
dieship to put vp their abuses,

Ia. Trusling they are not so deere to you, but you
may.

Will Wee shall make them gladly furnishe their poc-
kets with them.

Hip. VVell, children, and foules, agree as you will,
and let the world knowe now, women haue nothing to
doe with you.

Pe. Come madam I thinke your dinner bee almost
readie,

Enter Tales Kingcob.

Hip. And see, here are two honorable guestes for you,
the Lord Tales, and Sir Cutberd Kingcob.

Ta. Lacke you any guestes madam?

Eu. I my Lord such guestes as you.

Hip Theres as common an answere, as yours was a
question my Lord.

King. VVhy: al things shood be cōmon betwixt Lords,
and Ladies you know.

Pen. Indeed Sir Cutberd Kingcob, I haue heard, you
are either of the familie of Loue, or of no religion at all.

Eng. Hee may well be said to be of the family of Loue,
he does so flowe in the loues of poore ouerthrowne La-
dies.

King. You speake of that I wood doe madam, but in
earnest, I am now suing for a newe mistres; looke in my
hand sweet Ladie, and tell mee what fortune I shall haue
with her.

Eng. Doe you thinke me a witch, Sir Cutberd?

King. Pardon mee Madam, but I know you to bee
learnd in all things.

Eng. Come on lets see.

Hip. He

Sir Gyles Goofecappe.

Hip. He does you a speciall faudour Ladie, to giue you his open hand, for tis commonly shut they say.

King. VVhat find you in it madam?

Eug. Shut it now and ile tell yee.

King. VVhat now Ladi?

Eug. Y'are the worst hand that euer I saw knight haue, when tis open, one can find nothing in it, and when tis shutt one can get nothing out of it.

King. The age of letting goe is past madam, wee must not now let goe, but strike vp mens heeles, and take am as they fall.

Eug. A good Cornish principle belieue it Sir Cuttberd.

Tales. But I pray tell me Ladie Penelope, how entertaine you the loue of ny Cosen Sir Gyles Goofecappe.

Pene. Are the Goofecaps akin to you my Lord?

Ta. Euen in the first degree madam. And Sir Gyles I can tell ye, tho he seeme something simple, is composd of as many good parts as any knight in England.

Hip. He shood be put vp for concealement then, for he shewes none of them.

Pen. Are you able to reckon his good parts my Lord?

Ta. Ile doe the best I can Ladie, first, hee daunces as comely and lightly as any man, for vpon my honour, I haue seene him daunce vpon Egges, and a has not broken them.

Pen. Nor crackt them neither.

Ta. That I know not, indeed I wood bee loath, to lie though he be my kinsman, to speake more then I know by him.

Eug. VVell forth my Lord.

Ta. He has an excelēt skil in al maner of perfumes, & if you bring him glones fro fortie pence, to forty Shillings a paire he will tell you the price of them to two pence.

Hip. A prettie sweet qualitie belieue me.

Tales. Nay Ladie hee will perfume you gloues him selfe; most dilately, and giue them the right Spanish Titillation.

Ma
an.

Sir Gyles Gooscappe.

Titillation whats that my Lord?

Tal. VVhy Ladie tis a pretty kinde of terme newe come vp in perfuming, which they call a Titillation.

Hip. Very well expounded my Lord; forth with your kinsmans parts I pray.

Tal. Hee is the best Sempster of any woman in England, and will worke you needle worke edgings, and French purles from an Angell to foure Angells a yearde.

Eug. Thats pretious ware indeed.

Tal. He will worke you any flower to the life, as like it as if it grewe in the verie place, and being a delicate perfumer, hee will giue it you his perfect and naturall fauor.

Hip. This is wonderful; forth sweet Lord Tales.

Tal. He will make you flyes and wormes, of all sortes most liuely, and is now working a whole bed embrodred, with nothing but glowe wormes; whose lightes a has so perfectly done, that you may goe to bed in the chamber, doe any thing in the Chamber, without a Candle.

Pene. Neuer trust me if it be not incredible; forth my good Lord.

Tal. Hee is a most excellent Turner, and will turne you wasel-bowles, and posset Cuppes caru'd with Libberdes faces, and Lyons heades with spoutes in their mouthes, to let out the posset Ale, most artificially.

Eug. Forth good Lord Tales.

Pene. Nay good my Lord no more, you haue spoken for him thoroughly I warrant you.

Hip. I lay my life Cupid has shott my sister in loue with him out of your lipps my Lord.

Eug. VVel, come in my Lords, and take a bad dinner with me now, and wee will all goe with you at night to a better supper with the Lord, and Ladie Furnifall.

King. Tale. VVe attend you honorable Ladies.

Exeunt.

ACTVS

ACTVS TERTII SCÆNA PRIMA.

Enter Rudesby Goofecappe.

Rud. Bullakers.

Bul. I Sir.

Rud. Ride and catch the Captaines horse.

Bul. So I doe Sir.

Rud. I wonder Sir Gyles you wood let him goe soe,
and not ride after him.

Goof. VVood I might neuer be mortall Sir Carr: if
I ridd not aftter him, till my horse sweat, so that he had
nere a drie thread on him, & hollod & hollod to him to
stay him, till I had thought my fingers ends wood haue
gon off with hollowings; Ile be sworn to ye & yet he ran
his way like a Diogenes, and would neuer stay for vs.

Rud. How shall wee doe to get the lame Captaine to
London, now his horse is gone?

Goof. Why hee is but a lame Iade neither Sir Meyle,
we shal soone ouer take him I warrant ye.

Rud. And yet thou saist thou gallopst after him as
fast as thou coodst, and coodst not Catch him; I lay
my life some Crabfishe has bitten thee by the tongue,
thou speakest so backward still.

Goof. But heres all the doubt Sir Carr: if nobo-
die shouold catch him now, when hee comes at London,
some boy or other wood get vppe on him and ride
him hotte into the water to washe him; Ile bee-
sworne I followed one that ridd my horse into the
Thames, till I was vppe tooth knees hetherto; and
if it had not beene for feare of going ouer shooes,
because I am troubled with the rheume, I wood
haue taught him to washe my horse when hee was

Enter Foul.

hott yfath; how now sweet Captaine dost feele any easse
in thy payne yet?

Sir Gyles Goossecappe.

Rud. Ease in his paine quoth you, has good lucke if he feele ease in paine I thinke, but wood any asse in the world ride downe such a hill as Highgate is, in such a frost as this, and neuer light.

Foul. Gods pretious Sir Cut, your Frenchman neuer lights I tell ye.

Goos. Light Sir Cut, Slight and I had my horse again, theres nere a paltrie English frost an them all shood make me light.

Rud. Goe too you French Zanies you, you wil follow the french steps so long, till you be not able to set one Sound Steppe oth ground all the daies of your life.

Goos. Why Sir Cut I care not if I be not sound so I be well but we were iustly plaugde, by this hill for following women thus.

Foul. I and English weomen too sir Gyles.

Rud. Thou art still prating against English women I haue seene none of the French dames I confesse, but your greatest gallants for men in Fraunce, were here lately I am sure, and methinkes there shold be no more difference betwixt our Ladies and theirs, then there is betwixt our Lordes and theirs, and our Lordes are as farr beyond them yfaith, for person, and Courtshippe, as they are beyond ours for phantasticallitie.

Foul. O Lord sir Cut, I am sure our Ladies hold our Lordes tack for Courtshippe, and yet the french Lodrs put them downe, you noted it sir Gyles.

Goos. O God sir, I stud and heard it, as I sat ith presence.

Rud. How did they put them downe I pray thee?

Foul. Why for wit, and for Court-shippe Sir Moile.

Foul. A shew good lefthandedd Francois.

Foul. VVhy Sir when *Meusieur Lambois* came to your mistris the Ladie *Hippolita* as she sate in the presence, sitt downe here good Sir Gyles Goossecappe, hee kneeld meby her thus Sir, and with a most queint French Arte in his speech of ah *bellissime*, I desire to die now saies hee for your

Sir Gyles Gooscappe.

in his speech of ah bellissime I desire to die now saies he
for your loue that I might be buried here.

Rud. A good pick-thacht complement by my faith;
but I prethee what answer'd she.

Foul. She, I scorne to note that I hope then did he
vie it againe with an other hah.

Rud. That was hah, hah, I wood haue put the third
hah to it, if I had been as my mistris, and hah, hah, haht
him out of the presence yfaith,

Foul. Hah laies he, theis faire eyes, I wood not for a
million they were in Fraunce, they wood renewe all our
ciuill-wars againe.

Goose. That was not so good me thinkes captaine.

Rud. Welliudgd yfaith, there was a little wit in that
I must cōfesse, but she put him down far, & aūswered him
with aquestiō & that was whether he wood seem a louer
or a iester, if a louer a must tel her far more lykelier
then those, or else she was far frō belieuing thē, if aIester,
she cood haue much more ridiculous iests then his of
twenty fooles that followed the court, and told him she
had as lieue be courted with a brush faggot as with a
frēchman, that spēt it selfe al in sparks, & would sooner
fire ones chimney then warme the house, and that such
sparkes were good enough yet to set thatcht dispositiōs
a fire, but hers was tild with sleight, and respected thē
as sleightly.

Goos. VVhy so Captaine, and yet you talke of your
great frenchmen, to God little England had never
knowne them I may say.

Foul. VVhat's the matter sir Giles, are you out of
loue with frenchmen now of a sodaine.

Goos. Slydd captaine VVood not make one,
Ile be sworne, Ile be sworne, they tooke away
a mastie dogge of mine by commission now, I
thinke on't makes my teares stand in my eyes
with greefe, I had rather lost the dearest friend
that cuer I lay withal, in my life be this night, never stir if

Sir Gyles Gooscappe.

If hec fought not with great Sekerson foure hours to one,
foremoste take vp hindmoste, and tooke so many loaues
from him, that hee sterud him presently: So at last the
dogg cood doe no more then a Beare cood doe, and the
beare being heauic with hunger you know, fell vpon
the dogge, broke his backe, and the dogge neuct stird
more.

Rud. VVhy thou saist the frenchmen tooke him away.

Goos. Frenchmen, I, so they did too, but yet and hee
had not bin kild, twood nec a greeud me.

Fout. O excellent vnitie of speach.

Enter Will and Jacke at severall doores.

Will Sauce ye knights.

Ia. Sauce you Captaine.

Faul. Pages, welcome my fine pages.

Rud. Welcome boyes.

Goos. VVelcomie sweet Will, good Jacke.

Fout. But how chaunce you are so farre from London
now pages, is it not almost dinner time.

Will Yes indeed Sir, but we left our fellowes to wait for
once, and cood not chuse in pure loue to your worships,
but we must needs come and meet you, before you mett
our Ladies, to tell you a secret.

Omnes A secrett, what secrett I pray thee?

Ia. If euer your worships say any thing, we are vndone
for euer.

Omnes Not for a world beleue it.

Will VVhy then this it is; wee ouer heard our Ladies
as they were talking in priuate say they refusde to meet
you at Barnet this morning of purpose, because they
wood try which of you were most patient.

Ia. And some said you, Sir Gyles, another you Sir
and the third you Captaine;

Om. This was excellent.

Will Then did they swaere one another not to excuse
themselues to you by any meanes, that they might trie
you the better, now if they shal see you say nothing in the
world.

Sir Gyles Gooscappe.

worlde to them, what may come of it, when Ladies begin to trie their suters once, I hope your wisedomes can judge a little.

Foul. O ho my little knaue let vs alone now yfaith, wood I might be Casheird, if I say any thing.

Rud. Faith and I can forbear my Tongue as well as another I hope.

Goos. VVood I might be degraded if I speake a word, Ile tell them I care not for loosing my labour.

Foul. Come knights shall we not reward the pages?

Rud. Yes I prethee doe, Sir Gyles giue the boyes something.

Goos. Neuer stirre Sir Cutt, if I haue euer a groat about me but onethree pence.

Foul. VVell knights ile lay out fors all, here my fine pages.

Will. No in deed ant please your worshippe.

Foul. O pages refuse a gentlemans bountie.

Ia. Crie you mercy Sir, thanke you sweete Cap- taine

Foul. And what other newes is stirring my fine villia- cos.

Will. Marrie Sir they are invited to a greate supper to night to your Lordshouse Captaine, the Lord Furnifall, and there will bee your great cosen Sir Gyles Gooscappe, the Lorde Tales, and your vnckle Sir Cutt. Rudesby, Sir Cutbert Kingcob.

Foul. The Lord Tales, what countriman is hee?

Ia. A kentish Lord Sir, his auncestors came forth off Canterbury.

Foul. Out of Canterbury.

Will. I indeed Sir the best Tales in England are your Canterbury tales, I assure yc.

Rud. the boy tels thee true Captaine.

Ia. Hee writes his name Sir, Tales, and hee being the tenth sonne his fathier had; his fathier Christened him Decem Tales, and so his whole name is the

Sir Gyles Gooscappe.

Lord. Dede me Take a iroon to you and i will shew
you Goos. A my mortallitie the boy knowest more then I
doe of our house.

Rud. But is the Ladie Furnifall (Captaine) still of the
same drinking humor she was wont to be.
Foul. Still of the same knight, and is neuer in any so-
ciable vaine till she be typsie, for in her sobrietie shee is
madd, and fearest my good little old Lord out of all pro-
portion.

King. And therefore as I hear he will earnestly invite
a guestes to his house, of purpose to make his wife dronk,
and then dotes on her humor most prophanelly.
Foul. Tis very true knight; wee will suppe with them
to night; and you shall see her; and now I thinke ont,
Ile tell you a thing knightes, wherein perhaps you may
exceedinly pleasure me.

Goos. VVhat's that good Captain.

Foul. I am desirous to helpe my Lord to a good mer-
rie Foole, & if I cood helpe him to a good merry one, he
might doe me very much credit I assure ye.

Rud. Sblood thou speakest to vs as if wee cood serue
thy turne.

Foul. O Fraunce Sir Cutt: your Frenchman wood not
haue taken me so for a world, but because Fooles come
into your companies many times to make you merrie.

Rud. As thou doost.

Goos. Nay good Sir Cutt: you know fooles doe come
into your companies.

Rud. I and thou knowst it too, no man better.

Foul. Beare with Choller Sir Gyles.

Will. But wood you helpe your Lord to a good foole
so faine Sir.

Foul. I my good page exceeding faine.

Ia. You mean a wench, do you not Sir, a foolish wéch?

Foul. Nay I wood haue a man foole, for his Lord: page.

Will. Does his Lord: loue a foole, so wel I pray.

Foul. A surt thy selfe page, my Lord loues afoole as

Sir Gyles Goosescappe.

he lones himselfe. *How now, all blythe and bold!*

Ia. Of what degree wood you haue your Foole Sir, for you may haue of all maner of degrees?

Foul. Faith I wood haue him a good Emphaticall foole, one that wood make my Lorde laught well, and I carde not,

Will. Laught well? *Then we must know this Sir, is your Lorde Costiue of laughter, or laxatiue of laughter?*

Foul. Nay he is good merrie little Lorde, and indeed something Laxatiue of Laughter.

Will. Why then Sir the lesse witt will serue his Lordships turne, marrie if he had bin Costiue of laughter, hee must haue had two or three drams of witt the more in his foole, for we must minister according to the quantity of his Lord: humor you know, and if he shood haue as much witt in his foole being Laxatiue of laughter, as if hee were Costiue of Laughter, why he might laught himsele into an *Epilepsie*, and fall down dead sodainly, as many haue done with the extremitie of that passion; and I know your Lord cares for nothing, but the health of a foole.

Foul. Thart ith right my notable good page.

Ia. Why, and for that health Sir we will warrant his Lordship, that if he shold haue all *Bacon de sanitate mentis* reade to him, it shood not please his Lordship so well as our foole shall.

Foul. Remercy my more then English pages.

Goos. A my wōrd I haue not seene pages haue so much witt, that haue neuer bin in Fraunce Captain.

Foul. Tis true indeed Sir Gyles, well then my almost french Elixers, will you helpe my Lord to a foole, so fitt for him as you say.

Will. As fitt, Ile warrant you Captain, as if he were made for him, and hee shall come this night to supper, and foole where his Lord sits at table.

Foul. Excellent fitt, faile not now my sweet pages.

Ia. Not

Ia. Not for a world sir, we will goe both and seeke him presently.

Foul. Doe so my good wagges

Wil. Sause you knights.

Ia. Sause you Captaine.

Exeunt.

Foul. Farewell my prettie knaues, come knights, shall we resolve to goe to this Supper?

Rud. VVhat else.

Goof. And let's prouide torches for our men to sit at dore withall captaine.

Foul. That we will I warrant you sir Giles.

Rud. Torches? why the Moone will shine man.

Goof. The moone Sir Cut: I scorne the moone yfaith, Slydd sometimes a man shal not get her to shine & if he wood give her a couple of Capons, and one of them must be white too, God for giue me I cud never abide her since yesterday, she seru'de me such a trick tother night.

Rud. VVhat trick sir Gyles?

Goof. VVhy sir Cut: cause the daies be mortall and short now you knowe, and I loue daie light well; I thought it went awaie faster then it needed, and run after it into Finsburie-fields ith calme euening to see the windes mills goe; & euenaſ I was going ouer a ditch the moone by this light of purpose runnes me be hind a cloud, and lets me fall into the ditch by heauen.

Rud. That was ill done in her in deed sir Giles.

Goof. Ill done sir Cut: Sly dd a man may beare, and beare, but and she haue noe more good manners, but to make euery black flouenly cloude a pearle in her eye I shall nere loue English moone againe, while I liue Ilebesworne to ye.

Foul. come knights to London horse, horse, horse.

Rud. In what a case he is with the poore English moone, because the french moones (their torches) wil be

Sir Gyles Gooscappe.

be the lesse in fashion, and I warrant you the Captaine will remember it too, tho hee say no thing, hee seconds his resolute chaleſo and followes him, Ile lay my life you shall ſee them the next cold night, shut the mooneſhine out of their chambers, and make it lie without doores all night. I discredit my witt with their companies now I thinkes on't, plague a god on them; Ile fall a beating on them preſently.

Exit.

Enter Lorde Morford and Clarence.

Clarence Horatio.

Cla. Sing good Horatio, while I ſigh and write.
According to my master Platos minde
The Soule is muſick, and doth therefore ioy
In accents muſicall, which he that hateth
VVith points of diſcorde is togeather tyed
And barkes at Reason, Conſonant in ſence.
Divine Eugenia, beares the ocular forme
Of muſicke and of Reason, and preſents
The Soule exempt from fleſh in fleſh inflam'd,
Who muſt not loue hir then, that loues his Soule?
To her I write, my friend, the ſtarre of friends
VVil needs haue my ſtrange lines greet her ſtrange eies
And for his ſake ile powre my poore Soule forth
In floods of Jrake; but did not his kind hand
Barre me with violent grace, I woud conſume.
In the white flames of her impaſſionate Loue
Ete my harsh lipps ſhoo'd vnt the odorous blaze,
For I am desperate of all worldly Joyes
And there was neuer man ſo harsh to men,
VVhen I am fulleſt of digested life
I ſeeme a liueleſſe Embriſon to all
Each day rackt vp in nightlike Funerall.
Sing good Horatio, whiſt I ſigh and write.

Canto.

The

The Letter.

Suffer him to loue that suffers not louing, my loue is
without passion and therefore free from alteration,
Prose is too harsh, and verse is poerie
VVhy shood I write then: merrit clad in Inke
Is but a mourner, and as good as naked
I will not write my friend shall speake for me
Sing one stauie more my good Horatio.

Canto.

I must remember I knowe whom I loue,
Adame of learning, and of life exempt
From all the Idle fancies of her sex,
And this that to an other dame wood seeime
Perplext and foulded in a rudelesse vaile
Wil be more cleere then ballads to her eye
Ile write, if but to satisfie my friend
Your third stauie sweet Horatio and no more.

Canto.

How vainely doe I offer my strange loue?
I marrie, and bid states, and entertaine
Ladies with tales and iests, and Lords with newes
And keepe a house to feast Aelons hounds
That eate their maister, and let ydell guests
Drawe me from serious search of things diuine
To bid them sit, and welcome, and take care
To sooth their pale aits with choyce kytchin-stuff
As all must doe that marrie and keepe house
And then looke on the left sid of my yoake
Or on the right perhaps and see my wife
Drawe in a quite repugnant course from me
Busied to starch her french purles, and her puffs

When I am in my *Animar reflexa*
quid sit felicitas, quæ origo rerum?
And make these beings that are knowne to be
The onely serious obiects of true men
Seeme shadowes, with substanti all stir she keepes
About her shadowes, which if husbands loue

Sir Giles Gooscappe.

They must belieue, and thus my other selfe
Brings me another bodie to dispose
That haue alreadie much too much of one,
And must not looke for any Soule of her
To helpe two rule to bodies.

Mom. Fie for shame, of you knyghts and knyghtswomyn
I neuer heard of such an antedame.
Doe women bring no helpe of soule to men?
VVhy friend they either are mens soules themselues
Or the most wittie Imitatrixes of them
Or prettiest sweet apes of humaine Soules,
That euer Nature fram'd; as I will proue,
For first they be *Substantia lucida*
And purer then mens bodies like their soules,
VVhich mens harsh haires both of their brest & chinnes
Occasiond by their grose and ruder heate.
Plainely demonstrates: Then like soules they doe,
Mouere corpora, for no power on earth
Moues a mans bodie, as a woman does.
Then doe they *Dareformas corporis*
Or adde faire formes to men, as their soules doe:
For but for women, who wold care for formes?
I vowe I neuer wold washe face, nor hands
Nor care how ragg'd, or stouenlie I went
VVer't not for women, who of all mens pompes
Are the true finall causes: Then they make
Men in their Seedes immortall like their Soules
That els wold perish in a spanne of time.
Oh they be Soulelike-Creatures, and my Neece
The Soule of twentie rare Soules stild in one.

Cla. That, that it is my Lord, that makes me loue.

Mom. Oh are ye come Sir, welcome to my Neece
As I may say at midnight gentle friend
What haue you wrott I pray?

Cla. Strange stuffe my Lord.

Mom. Indeed the way to belieue is to loue
And the right way to loue is to belieue,

He reads
comments

This I will carry how with pen and Incke and block and I
For her to vse in answe're, see; sweet friend
She shall not stay to call; but while the steele
Of her affection is made softe and hott, solue a flou're
Ile strike and take occasion by the browe
Blest is the wooing that's not long a dooing. Exe.

Cl. Had euer man so true, and noble friend?
Or wood men thinke this sharpe worlds freezing Aire
To all true honour and iudicall loue.
VVood suffer such a florishing pyne in both
To ouerlooke the boxe-trees of this time?
VVhen the learn'd mind hath by impulsion wrought
Her eyes cleere fire into a knowing flame.
No elementall smoke can darken it
Nor Northen coldnes nyppe her *Daphnean* flower,
O sacred friendshippel thanks to thy kind power
That being retir'd from all the faithles worlde
Appearst to me in my vnworldly friend,
And for thine owne sake let his noble mind
By mouing presedent to all his kind
(Like iust *Decaligion* of earths stonie bones
Repaire the world with humane bloud and flesh
And dying vertuel with new life refresh. Exe.

SCENE VIII. To the King and Companions
begin A CTVS QVARTVS. Exe.

Enter Tales, Kingcob, Eugenia, Hippolita, Pene-
lope, Winnifred. Exe.

King. Tis time to leau'e your Chests Ladies tis too
studious an exercise after dinner. Exe.

Tal. Why is it cal'd Chests? Exe.

Hip. Because they leane vpon their Chests that
play at it. Exe.

Tal. I wood haue it cal'd the strife of wittes, for tis a
game so wittie, that with strife for maisterie, wee hunt it
eagerly. Exe.

Eng. Specially.

Sir Gyles Goofedappe. 2

Eug. Specially wherē the wit of the Goofecaps are in chafe
my Lord; now am I ablied to you for to tell you but
Tal. I am a Godfēappe by the mōthers side madam at
least my mother was a Goofeappe, as I say bed Lord. .11.
Pen. And you were her white sonne, I warrant my
Lord.

Tal. I was the yongest Ladie, and therefore must be
her white sonne ye know, the yongest of tenne I was.

Hip. And the wīseſt of Fifteene. .11.

Tal. And sweet Ladie will ye cast a kīdye now
vpon my Colis, Sir Gyles Goofeappe. .11.

Pen. Pardon my Lord I haue never a spare eyē to cast
away I assure ye. .11.

Tal. I wonder you shood Count it cast away Ladie
vpon him, doe you remember those fewe of his good
partes I rehearst to you. .11.

Pen. Verie perfectly my Lord, amongst which one of
them was, that he is the best Sempster of any woman in
England, pray lets see some of his worke?

Hip. Sweet Lord lets see him sowe a little.

Tal. You shall a mine honour Ladie. .11.

Eug. Hees a goodly greate knight indeed; and a little
needle in his hand will become him prettelie. .11.

King. From the Spanish pike to the Spanish needle, he
shall play with any knight in England Ladie. .11.

Eug. But not *è conuerso*, from the Spanish needle to
the Spanish pike. .11.

King. I thinke he be too wise for that indeed madam,
for he has 20. miles length in land lies togeather, and
hee wood bee loath to bring it all to the length of a
pike. .11.

Hip. But no man commends my blount Seruant Sir
Curt. Rudely methinks. .11.

King. Hee is a kind gentleman Ladie though hee
bee blount, and is of this humor, the more you pre-
sume vpon him; without Ceremonie, the more

he will be blount. .11.

Sir Gyles Gooscappe.

he loues you, if he knowe you thinke him kinde once; and will say nothing but still use him, you may mete him into any kinde helle you will; he is right like a woman, and had rather, you shood blunche take the greatest fauour you can of him, then shamefastly intreat it.

Eug. He saies wel to you Hippolita.

Hip. I madam, but they saie, he will beat one in Iest, and byte in kindenesse, and teare ones ruffes in Courtshippe. a flat by Hippolita. 1590. 1. 1.

King. Some that he makes sport withall perhappes, but none that he respects I assureye.

Hip. And what his liuing sir Cutbeard?

King. Some two thousand a yere Ladie.

Hip. I pray doe not tell him that I askt, for I stand not vpon liuing.

King. O Good Ladie who can liue without liuing?

Enter Momford.

Mom. Still heere Lordings? good companions yfaith, I see you come not for vittles.

Tal. Vittles my Lord, I hope we haue vittles at home.

Mom. I but sweet Lord, there is a principle in the Polititians phisicke, Eat not your meat vpon other mens trenchers, & beware of surfits of your owne coste manie good companions cannot abide to eate meate at home ye know. And how faires my noble Neece now, and her faire Ladie Feeres?

Eug. VVhat winde blowes you hether tree?

Mom. Harke you madam, the sweete gale of one Clarence's breath, with this his paper sayle blowes me hether.

Eug. Aye me stil, in that humors beshrowe my hart if I take anie Papers from him.

Mom. Kinde bosome doe thou take it then.

Eug. Nay.

Sir Giles Gooscappe,

Eug. Nay then neuer trust me.

Mom. Let it fall then, or cast it awaie you were best, that euerie bodie may discouer your loue suits, doe; theres sombodie neare if you note it, and how haue you spent the time since dinner nobles?

King. At chests my Lords,

Mom. Read it neece.

Eng. Heere beare it backe I pray.

Mom. I beare you on my backe to heare you; and how play the Ladies sir Cuthbert, what men doe they play best withall, with knights or rookes?

Tal. With knights my Lord.

Mom. Tis pitty their boord is no broader, and that some men caled guls are not added to their game.

King. Why my Lo. it needs not, they make the knights guls.

Mom. Thats pretty sir Cuthbert; you haue begon I know Neece, forth I commaund you.

Eug. O yare a sweete ynkle.

Mom. I haue brought her a little Greeke, to helpe me out withal, and shees so coy of her learning for sooth she makes it strange: Lords, and Ladies, I invite you all to supper to night, and you shal not denie me.

All. VVe will attend your Lordshippe.

Tal. Come Ladies let's into the gallerie a little.

Mom. And now what saies mine owne deare neece yfaith? exeunt

Eng. VVhat shood she saie to the backfide of a paper.

Mom. Come, come, I knowe you haue byn a the bel- lie side.

Eng. Now was there euer Lord so prodigall, of his owne honor'd blood, and dignity?

Mom. Away with these lame horse faire alligations, will you answere the letter?

Eug. Gods my life you goe like a cuning spokes man, man

Sir Gyles Gooscappe.

man, ans were vncle? what doe y.e thinke me desperate
of a husband

Mom. Not so neece, but carelesse of your poore vncle.

Eug. I will not write that's certaine.

Mom. VVhat wil you haue my friend and I perissh,
doe you thirst our bloods?

Eug. O yare! in a mightie danger noe doubt
on't.

Mom. If you haue our bloods beware our ghostes I
can tell ye, come will ye write?

Eug. I will not write yfaith.

Mom. yfaith dame, then I must be your secretarie I
see, heres the letter, come, doe you dictate and I'll
write,

Eug. If you write no otherwise then I
dictate, it will scarce proue a kinde answere I be-
lieue.

Mom. But you will be aduis'de I trust. Secretaries
are of counsaile with their countesses, thus it begins.
Suffer him to loue, that suffers not louing, what answere
you to that?

Eug. He loues extreamely that suffers not in loue.

Mom. He answeres you for that presentlie, his loue
is without passion, and therefore free from alteration,
for Pati you know is in *Alterationem labi*; he loues you
in his soule he tels you, wherein there is no passion, faic
dame what answere you.

Eug. Nay if I answere anie thing.

Mom. VVhy? verie well, ileanswere for you.

Eug. You answere? shall I set my hand to your an-
swere?

Mom. I by my faith shall ye.

Eug. By my faith, but you shal answere as I wood haue
you then.

Mom. Alwaies put in with aduice of your secretarie,
neece, come, what answere you?

Sir Gyles Goossecappe.

Eng. Since you needes will haue my Answere, Ile Answere briefly to the first; and last part of his letter.

Mom. Doe so Neece, and leaue the midſt for himſelfe a gods name, what is your anſweare?

Eng. I cannot but ſuffer you to loue, if you do loue.

Mom. Why very good, there it is, and will requit your loue; ſay you ſo?

Eng. Befhrowe my lipps then my Lord.

He writes.

She dictates.

Mom. Befhrowe my fingers but you ſhall; what, you may promise to requite his loue, and yet not promise him marriage I hope; wel, and will requite your loue.

Eng. Nay good my Lord hold your hand, for ile bee ſworne, ile not ſet my hand too't.

Mom. V Vell hold of your hand good madam till it ſhooed come on; Ile be readie for it anon, I warrant ye: now forth; my Loue is without paſſion, and therefore free from alteration, what anſweare you to that madam?

Eng. Euen this my Lorde, your Loue being mentall, needes no bodey Requitall.

Mom. I am Content with that, and here it is; but in hart.

Eng. VVhat but in hart?

Mom. Hold of your hand yet I ſay, I doe embrace and repaie it,

Eng. You may write vncle, but if you get my hand to it,

Mom. Alas Neece this is nothing, iſt any thing to a bodey marriage, to ſay you loue a man. Soule if your harts agree and your bodies meet not? ſimple mariage rites, now let vs foorth: hee is in the way to felicitie, and desires your hand.

Eng. My hand ſhall alwaies ſigne the way to felicitie.

Mom. Very good, may not any woman ſay this now. Concluſion now ſweet Neece.

Eng. And ſo God proſper your Journey.

Mom. Charitably concluded, though farre ſhort of that loue I wood haue ſhowen to any friend of yours.

Neece

Sir Gyles Gooscappe.

Neece I sweare to you, your hand now, and let this little stay his appetite.

Eug. Read what you haue writ my Lord.

Mom. What needs that madam, you remember it I am sure.

Eug. Well if it want sence in the Composition, let my secretarie be blam'd for't, theirs my hand.

Mom. Thanks gentle Neece, now ile reade it.

Eug. VVhy now, more then before I pray?

Mom. That you shall see straite, I cannot but suffer you to loue if you doe loue and wil requite your loue.

Eug. Remember that requitall was of your own putting it, but it shal be after my fashion I warrant ye.

Mom. Interrupt me no more, your loue being mentoll needs no bodeley requital, but in hart I embrace & repay it; my hand shall alwaies signe the way to felicitie, and my selfe knit with you in the bandes of marriage euer walke with you, in it, and so God prosper our iourney.

Eugenia.

Eug. Gods me life, tis not thus I hope.

Mom. By my life but it is Neece.

Eug. By my life but tis none of my deed then.

Mom. Doe you vse to set your hand to that which is not your deed, your hand is at it Neece, and if there be any law in England, you shall performe it too:

Eug. VVhy this is plaine dishonoured deceit.

Does all your truest kindnes end in lawe?

Mom. Haue patience Neece, for what so ere I say
Onely the lawes of faith, and thy free loue
Shall ioyne my friend and thee, or naught at al,
By my friends loue, and by this kisse it shall.

Eug. VVhy, thus did false Accontius snare Cydippe.

Mom. Indeed deere loue his wile was something like
And then tis no vnheard-of trecherie
That was enacted in a goddes Eye,
Accontius worthie loue feard not Diana

Before

Sir Gyles Gooscappe.

Before whome he contriued this sweete deceite

Eug. Vel there you haue my hand, but ile besworne
I neuer did thing so against my will.

Mom. T'will proue the better madam, doubt it not.
And to allay the billows of your blood,
Raist'de with my motion bold and opposite
Deere neece suppe with me, and refresh your spirites:
I haue inuited your companions.
VVith the two gueits that dinde with you to daie,
And will send for the old Lord *Furnifall*
The Captaine, and his mates and (tho at night)
VVe will be merrie as the morning *Larke*.

Eug. No, no my Lord, you will haue *Clarence* there.

Mom. A las poore gentleman I must tell you now
Hees extreame sicke, and was so when he writh
Tho he did charge me not to tell you so;
And for the world he cannot come abroade.

Eug. Is this the man that without passion loues

Mom. I doe not tell you he is sicke with loue;
Or if he be tis wilfull passion.

VVhich he doth choose to suffer for your sake
And cood restraine his sufferance with a thought,
Vppon my life he will not trouble you;
And therefore worthie neece faile not to come.

Eug. I will on that condition.

Mom. Tis perform'd: for were my friend well and
cood comfort me; I wood not now intreate your compa-
nie, but one of you I must haue, or I die, oh such a
friend is worth a monarchie.

Exeunt.

Enter *Lord Furnifall*, *Rudsbie*, *Goose-
cappe*, *Fowlweather*, *Bullaker*.

Fur. Nay my gallants I will tell you more.

All. Forth good my Lord.

Fur. The euening came and then our waxen stars
Sparkled about the heauenly court of *Eraunce*.
VVhen I then young and readiant as the sunne

Sir Gyles Gooscappe.

Gae luster to those lampes, and curling thus
My golden foretoppe Stept into the presence,
Where set with other princely dames I found
The Countesse of Lancalier and her neece
VVho as I told you cast so fix'd an eye
On my behauours talking with the king:

All. True my good Lord.

Fur. They rose when I came in, and all the lights
Burnd dim for shame, when I stood vp and shind.

Foul. O most passionate description Sir Cutt:

Rud. True of a candles end.

Goos. The passingt description of a candle, that euer
liu'd Sir Cutt:

Fur. Yet asymd I not at them, nor seemd to note
VVhat grace they did me, but found courtly cause
To talke with an accomplit gentleman
New come from Italie, in quest of newes
I speake Italian with him.

Rud. What so young?

Fur. O rarissime volte cadino nel parlar nostro familiare.

Foul. Slidd a cood speake it knight, at threes yeare old.

Fur. Nay gentle Captaine doe not set me forth
I loue it not, in truth I loue it not.

Foul. Slight my Lord but truth is truth you know.

Goos. I dare ensure your Lordship, Truth is truth, &
I haue heard in Fraunce, they speake French as well,
as their mother tongue my Lord.

Fur. VVhy tis their mother tongue my noble knight
But (as I tell you) I seem'd not to note
The Ladies notes of me, but held my talke,
with that Italianate Frenchman, and tooke time
(Still as our conference seru'd) to shew my Courtship
In the three quarter legge, and settled looke,
The quick kisse of the toppe of the forefinger
And other such employtes of good Accost;
All which the Ladies tooke into their eyes
VVith such attention that their fauours swarm'd

About

About my bosome, in my hatt, mine cares,
In skarfes about my thighes, vpon mine armes
Thicke on my wrystes, and thicker on my hands,
And still the lesse I sought, the more I found.
All this I tell to this notorious end,
That you may vse your Courtship with lesse care
To your coy mistresses; As when we strike
A goodly Sammon, with a little line
VVe doe not tugge to hale her vp by force
For then our line wood breake, and our hooke lost;
But let her carelesse play alongst the streame
As you had left her, and sheele drowne her selfe.

Foul. A my life a most rich comparison.

Goos. Neuer stirre, if it bee not a richer Caparison,
then my Lorde my Cosine wore at tilt, for that was bro-
dred with nothing but mooneshine ith the water, and
this has Sāmons in't; by heauen a most edible Capariso.

Ru. Odious thou woodst say, for Cōparisōs are odious.

Foul. So they are indeede sir *Cut.* all but my' Lords.

Goos. Bee Caparisons odious Sir *Cutt:* what like flow-
ers?

Rud. O asse they be odorous.

Goos. A botts athat stinking worde odorous, I
can neuer hitt on't.

Fur. And how like you my Court-counsaile gallāts ha-

Foul. Out of all proportion excellent my Lord: & be-
leeue it for Emphaticall Courtship, your Lordship puts
downe all the Lords of the Court.

Fur. No good Captaine no. (Courtship.

Foul. By Fraunce you doemy Lord for Emphaticall

Fur. For Emphaticall Courtship indeed I can doe
somewhat.

Foul. Then does your merrie entertainment become
you so festifally, that you haue all the brauerie of a Saint
Georges day about ye when you vse it.

Fur. Nay that's too much in sadnes Captaine.

Goos. O good my Lord, let him prayse you, what so ere

Sir Gyles Gooſecappe.

it costts your Lordſhippe.

Foul. I assure your Lordſhippe your merrie behauſt our doſes ſo festiſally ſhowe vpon you, that euery high holliday when Ladies wood bee moſt bewtiful; euery one wiſhes to God ſhee were turnd into ſuſh a little Lord as you, when y'are merrie.

Goof. By this fire they doe my Lord, I haue heard am.

Fur. Marrie God for bid knight they ſhoođ be turnd into me; I had rather be turnd into them a mine honor.

Foul. Then for your Lordſhips quipps, & quick iefts, why *Gesta Romanorum* were nothing to them a my vertue

Fur. Well, well, well, I will heare thee no more, I will heare thee no more, good Captaine, Thaſt an excellent witt, and ihou ſhalt haue Crownes a mine honour, and now knightes and Captain, the foole you told me off, do you al know him?

Goof. I know him beſt my Lord.

Fur. Doe you Sir *Gyles*, to him then good knight, & be here with him, and here, and here, and here againe; I meane paint him vnto vs Sir *Gyles*, paint him liuely, liuely now, my good knightly boy.

Goof. Why my good Lord? hee will nere be long from vs, because we are all mortall you know.

Fur. Verie true,

Goof. And as ſoone as euer wee goe to dinner, and ſupper togeather,

Rud. Dinner and ſupper togeather, whens that troe?

Goof. A will come you in amonſt vs, with his Cloake buttond, looſe vnder his chinne.

Rud. Buttond looſe my Lord?

Goof. I me Lord buttond looſe ſtill, and both the flaps caſt ouer before, both his ſhoulders afore him.

Rud. Both ſhouldiers afore him?

Fur. From before him hee meanes; forth good Sir *Gyles*.

Goof. Like a potentate My Lord?

Rud. Much like a Potentate indeed.

Goof. For all the world like a Potentate S. Cut: ye know.

Rud. So

Si Giles Gooscappe.

Rud. So Sir.

Goof. All his beard nothing but haire.

Cud. Or something else.

Goof. Or something else as you say,

Foul. Excellent good.

Goof. His Mellons, or his Apricocks, Or renges alwaies in an vncleane hand ketchiffe very cleanly I warrant you my Lord.

Fur. A good neate foole Sir Gyles of mine honour.

Goof. Then his fine words that hee sets them in, concaticall, a fine Annisseede wenche foole vpon ticket and so forth,

Fur. Passing strange wordes believe me,

Goof. Knorth euery man at the table, though he never saw him before, by sight and then will he foole you so finely my Lorde, that hee will make your hait ake, till your eyes runne ouer.

Fur. The best that euer I heard, gray mercy good knight for thy merrie description, Captaine, I givie thee twentie companies of commendations, neuer to bee casheird.

Enter Iacke and Will on the other side.

Am. Save your Lordship.

Fur. My prettie cast of *Merlins*, what prophecies with your little maistershippes?

Ia. Things that cannot come to passe my Lord, the worse our fortunes.

Foul. Why whats the matter pages?

Rud. Now now my Ladies foysting hounds.

Goof. M. Iack, M. Iacke; how do ye M. William, frolick?

Will. Not so folicle; as you left vs Sir Gyles.

Fur. VVhy wags, what newes bring you a Gods name?

Ia. Heauie newes indeed my Lord, pray pardone vs.

Fur. Heauie newes? not possible your little bodies cood bring am then, vnload those your heauie newes I beseech ye?

Will. VVhy my Lord the foole we tooke for your Lord: is thought too wise for you, and we dare not presēt him,

Sir Giles Gooscappe.

Goof. Slydd pages, youle not cheates of our foole wil ye?

Ia. VVhy sir Giles, hees too dogged and bitter for you in truth, we shall bring you a foole to make you laugh, and he shall make all the world laugh at vs.

Will. I indeed sir Giles, and he knowes you so wel too

Giles. Knowe me slight he knowes me no more then the begger knowes his dish.

fa. Faith he begs you to be content sir Giles, for he wil not come.

Goof. Begg me slight I wood I had knowne that, to-
ther daie, I thought I had met him in Paules, & he had
byn anie body elie but a piller, I wood haue runae him
through by heauen, beg me?

Foul. He begges you to be content sir Giles, that is, he praiers you.

Goof. O does he praise me, then I commend him.

Fur. Let this vnsutable foole goe sir Giles, we will make shifft without him.

Goof. That we wil a my word my Lord, and haue him too for all this.

Wil. Doe not you say so sir Giles, for to tell you true that foole is dead.

Goof. Dead? Slight that cannot be man, I knowe he wood ha writ to me ont had byn so.

Fur. Quick or dead let him goe sir Giles.

Ia. I my Lord, for we haue better newes for you to harken after.

Fur. what are they my good Nouations?

Ia. My Lord Momford intreates your Lorship and these knights and captaine to accompany the countesse Eugenia and the other two Ladies at his house at supper to night.

Wil. All desiring your Lo: to pardon them, for not eating your meat to night.

Fur. VVithall my hart wagges, and theirs amends; my harts, now set your courtshippe a'the last, a'the tain-
ters, and prickē vp your seiges for the Ladies.

Goof. O

Sir Giles Gooſcappe.

Goſſ. O braue ſir Cut: come let's prick vp the Ladies:

Fur. And wil not the knights two noble kinſemē be
there?

Ia. Both will be their my Lord.

Fur. VVhy theres the whole knot of vs then; and
there ſhall wee knocke vppe the whole triplicitie of
your nuptials.

Goſſ. Ile make my Lord my Coſin ſpeakē for me.

Foul. And your Lordſhip will be for me I hope.

Fur. VVith tooth and naile Capaine, A my
Lord.

Rua. Hang am Tytts ile pommell my ſelſe into
am.

Ia. Your Lo: your Coſin Sir Gyles has promiſt the
Ladies they ſhall all ſee you ſowe.

Goſſ. Gods mee, wood I might neuer be moitall if I
dee not carry my worke with me.

Fur. Doe ſo Sir Gyles, and withall vſe meanes
To taint their high blouds with the ſhaftē of Loue,
Sometimeſ a fingers motion woundes their minds;
A iest, a Iesture, or a prettie laugh.
A voyce, a preſent, ah, things done iſh nick
VVound deepe, and ſure, and let flie your gold
And we ſhall nuptialls haue. hold belly hold.

Goſſ. O rare Sir Cut: we ſhall eate nut-shells.
hold belly hold

Exeunt.

Ia. O pittifull knight, that koowes not nuptialls from
nutſhells.

Will. And now *Comme porte vous monſieur?*

Bull *Porte bien vous remercy.*

Ia. VVe may ſee it indeed Sir, & you ſhall goe afore
with vs.

Bul. No good monſieurs.

Will: Another Crashe in my Ladies Celler yfaith mon-
ſieur.

Bul. Remercy de bon coeur monſieurs.

Exeunt.

Enter

Sir Gyles Gooscappe.

Enter Clarence Momford.

(beames

Mom. How now, my friend does not the knowing
That through thy comon sence glaūce through thy eyes
To reade that letter, through thine eyes retire
And warme thy heart with a tryumphant fire?

Cla. Mom. My Lord I feele a treble happines

Mix in one soule, which proues how eminent
Things endlesse are aboue things temporall,
That are in bodies needfully confin'de;

I cannot suffer their dementions pierst

VVhere my immortall part admits expansure
Euen to the comprehension of two more

Commixt substantially with her meere selfe. (friend?

Mom. As how my strange, and riddle-speaking

Cla. As thus my Lord, I feele my owne minds ioy
As it is separate from all other powers,
And then the mixture of an other soule
Ioynde in direction to one end, like it,
And thirdly the contentment I enjoy,
As we are ioynd that I shall worke that good
In such a noble spirit as your neece,
VVhich in my selfe I feele for absolute;
Each good minde dowbles his owne free content
VVhen in an others vse they giue it vent.

Mom. Said like my friend, and that I may not wrong
Thy full perfections with an emptier grace,
Then that which shoue presents to thy conceits,
In working thee a wise worse then she seemes;
Ile tell thee plaine a secret which I knowe.
My neece doth vse to paint herselfe with white
VVhose cheeke's are naturally mixt with redd
Either because she thinks pale-lookes moues most:
Or of an answereable nice affe&t
To other of her modest qualities;
Because she wood not with the outward blaze
Of tempting bewtie tangle wanton eies;
And so be troubled with their tromperies:

VVhich

VVhich construe as thou wilt, I make it knowne
That thy free comment may examine it,
As willinger to tell truth of my neece,
Then in the least degree to wrong my friend.

Cla. A ielous part of friendshippē you vnfold;
For was it euer seene that any dame ob yōtōne abōt
Wood chainge of choice a well mixt white and redd
For bloodles palenes; if she striu'd to moue? VV
Her painting then is to shunn motion, VV
But if she mended some defect with it ob yōtōne abōt
Breedes it more hate then other ornaments; VV
(Whichto supplie bare nature) Ladies weare? VV
What an absurd thing is it to suppose;
(If Nature made vs either lame or sick,) VV

VVē wood not seeke for sound lymmes, or for health
By Art the Rector of confused Nature? VV
So in a face if Nature be made lame VV
Then Art can make it, is it more offence VV
To helpe her want there then in other limmes? VV
Who can giue instance where dames faces lost VV
The priuiledge their other parts may boast. VV

Mom. But our most Court receiued Poets saies in VV
That painting is pure chastities abator. VV

Cla. That was to make vp a poore rime to Nature, VV
And farre from any Iudgment it confered
For lightnes comes from harts, and not from lookes
And if inchaſtitie posſeſſe the hart;
Not painting doth not race it, nor being cleare
Doth painting spot it,

Omne bonum naturaliter pulchrum.
For outward fairenes beares the diuine forme,
And moues beholders to the Act of loue;
And that which moues to loue is to be wiſh
And eche thing ſimplie to be wiſh is good.
So I conclude mere painting of the face
A lawfull and a commendable grace.

Mom. VVhat paradox doſt thou defend in this

Sir Gyles Goofecappe.

And yet through thy cleare arguments I see
Thy speach is farr exempt from flatterie,
And how illiterate custome groslie erres
Almost in all traditions she preferres.
Since then the doubt I put thee of my neece,
Checks not thy doubtlesse loue, forth my deare friend.
And to all force to those impressions,
That now haue caru'd her phantasie with loue,
I haue invited her to supper heere.
And told her thou art most extreamelie sick.
VVhich thou shalt counterfeit with all thy skill,

Cla: VVhich is exceeding smale to counterfeit,

Mom. Practise a little, loue will teach it thee,
And then shall doctor *Versey* the phisitian,
Come to thee while her selfe is in my house.
VVith whome as thou confer'st of thy disease,
Ile bring my neece withall the Lords and Ladies.
VVithin your hearing vnder fain'd pretext,
To shew the pictures that hang neere thy chamber,
VVhere when thou hearst my voyce, know she is there.
And therefore speake that which may stir her thoughts,
And make her flie into thy opened armes.
Ladies whome true worth cannot moue to ruth,
Trew louers must deceue to shew their truth. *Exeunt.*

Finis Actus Quarti.

ACTVS QVINTI SCÆNA PRIMA

Enter *Momford*, *Furnifall*, *Tales*, *Kingcob*, *Ridesbie*,
Goofecap, *Foutweather*, *Eugenia*, *Hippolita*,
Penelope, *Winnifred*.

Mom. VVhere is Sir Gyles Goofecappe here?

Goof. Here my Lord.

Mom. Come forward knight, is you that the Ladies admire at working a mine honor,

Goof.

Goof: A little at once my Lorde for Idlenes sake.

Fur: Sir Cut, I say, to her captaine.

Penel: Come good seruant, let's see what you worke.

Goof: VVhy looke you mistris I am makeing a fine drie sea, full of fishe, playing in the bottome, & here ile let in the water so liuely, that you shall heare it rore.

Eug: Notheare it Sir Giles.

Goof: Yes in sooth madam with your eyes.

Tal: I Ladie; for when a thing is done so exceedingly to the life, as my knighthie cosent does it, the eye oftentimes takes so strong a heede of it, that it cannot containe it alone, and therefore the eare seemes to take part with it.

Hip: That's a verie good reason my Lord.

Mom: VVhat a leit it is, to heare how seriouslie he striues to make his foolish kinsmans answeres wise ones.

Pen: VVhat shall this be seruant?

Goof: This shall be a great whale mistris, at all his bignesse spouting huge hils of salt-water afore him, like a little water squirt, but you shall not neede to feare him mistris, for he shalbe slike and gould, he shall doe you noe harme, and he be nere so liuely.

Pen: Thanke you good seruant.

Tal: Doe not thinke Ladie, but he had need tell you this a forehand for a mine honor, he wrought me the monster Caucasus so liuely, that at the first sight I started at it.

Mom: The monster Caucasus my Lord? Caucasus is a mountaine; Cacus you meane.

Tal: Cacus indeede my Lorde, Irie you mercie.

Goof: Heere ile take out your eye, and you wil mistris.

Pen: No by my faith Seruant tis better in

Goof. VVhy Ladie, Ile but take it out in iest, in earnest.

Pen. No, something else there, good seruant.

Goof. VVhy then here shall be a Camell, and he shall haue hornes, and he shall looke (for al the world) like a maide without a husband.

Hip. O bitter sir Gyles.

Tal. Nay he has a drie wit Ladie I can tell ye.

Pen. He bobd me there indeede my Lord.

Fur. Marry him sweet Lady, to answere his bitter bob.

King. So she maie answere him with hornes indeed.

Eug. See what a pretie worke he weares in his boote.hose.

Hip. Did you worke them your selfe sir Gyles, or buy them?

Goof. I bought am for nothing madam in th'exchange.

Eug. Bought am for nothing.

Tal. Indeed madam in th'exchange they so honor him for his worke that they will take nothing for anie thing he buies on am; but wheres the rich night-cappel you wroght cosen: if it had not byn too little for you, it was the best peece of worke, that euer I sawe.

Goof. VVhy my Lord, t'was bigg enough, when I wrought it, for I wore pantables then you knowe.

Tal. Indeede the warmer a man keepes his feete the lessc he needes weare vpon his head.

Eug. You speake for your kinsman the best, I that euer I heard my Lord.

Goof. But I beleue madam, my Lord my cosen has not told you all my good parts.

Tal. I told him so I warrant you cosen.

Hip. VVhat doe you thinke he left out Sir Gyles?

Goof. Marrie madam I can take tobacco now, and I haue bought glow-wormes to kindle it withall, better then

Sir Gyles Gooscappe.

then all the burning glasses ith world.

Eagle: Glowe-wormes sir Gyles will they make it
burne? And i am i good chayre hym to be a good
Goos. Oiod madam I feed am with nothing but
fire, a purpose, Ile besworne they eat me fve faggots a
weeke in charcoale. Ie myt eat nothynge but

Tal: Nay he has the strangest deuices Ladies that
cuer you heard I warrant ye.

Fur: That's a strange deuice indeed my Lord.

Hip: But your sowing sir Gyles is a more gentlewo-
man-like qualitie I assure you.

Pen: O farr away, for now seruant, you nee de neuer
marrie, you are both husband, and wife your selfe.

Goos: Nay indeede misbris I wood faine marrie for
all that, and ile tell you my reason, if you will.

Pen: Let's heare it good seruant.

Goos: VVhy madam we haue a great match at
foot-ball towards, married men against batchellers, &
the married men be al my friends, so I wood faine mar-
rie to take the married mens parts in truth.

Hip: The best reason for marriage that euer I heard
sir Gyles.

Goos: I pray will you keepe my wofke a little misbris;
I must needes straine a little courtesie in truthe quicke.

Exit Sir Gyles.

Hip: Gods my life I thought he was a little to blame.

Rud: Come, come, you heare not me dame.

Fur: Vell said sir Cut, to her now we shall heare
fresh courting.

Hip: A las sir Cut, you are not worth the hearing,
euery boode saies you cannot loue, how soeuer you
talke on't.

Rud: Not loue dame? slydd what argument woodst
haue of my loue tro? lett me looke as redde as scar-
let afor I see thee, and when thou comst in sight if
the sunne of thy bewtie, doe not white me like
a sheppards holland I am a Jewe to my Creator.

Hip:

O

Sir Giles Gooscappe.

Hip. O excellent.

Rud. Let mee burst like a Tode, if a frowne of thy browe has not turnd the verie heart in my bellie; and made mee readie to bee hangd by the hecles for a fortnight to bring it to the right againe.

Hip. You shood haue hangd longer. Sir Cut; tis not right yet,

Rud. Zonnes, bid me cut off the best lymme of my bo-
die, for thy loue, and ile laist in thy hand to proue it,
doost thinke I am no Christian, haue I not a Soule to
sauē?

Hip. Yes tis to sauē yet I warrant it, and wil be while
tis a soule if you vse this.

Fur. Excellent Courtship of all hands, only my Cap-
taines Courtshippe, is not heard yet, good madam giue
him fauour to court you with his voyce.

Eug. What shood he Court me with alle else my Lord?

Mom. VVhy, I hope madam there be other thinges to
Court Ladies withall besides voyces.

Fur. I meane with an audible sweete song madam.

Eug. VVith all my heart my Lorde, if I shall bee so
much indebted to him.

Foul. Nay I will be indebted to your eares Ladie for
hearing me sound musicke.

Fur. VVell done Captaine, proue as it wil now.

Enter Messenger.

Me. My Lord Doctor Versey the Phyitian is come
to see master Clarence.

Mom. Light and attend him to him presently.

Fur. To master Clarence? what is your friend sicke?

Mom. Exceeding sicke.

Ta. I am exceeding sorrie.

King. Neuer was sorrow worthier bestowed
Then for the ill state of so good a man.

Percy. Alas poore gentleman; good my Lord lets see
him.

Mom. Thankes gentle Ladie, but my friend is loth

To

Sir Gyles Goosescappe.

To trouble Ladies since he cannot quitt them.
With any thing he hath that they respect.

Hip. Respect my Lord; I wood hold such a man
In more respe& then any Emperor or King.
For he cood make me Empresse of my selfe
And in mine owne rule comprehend the world.

1. Mom. How now young dame? what so dainly inspird
This speech hath siluet haires, and reuerence asks
And soner shall haue dutie done of me:
Then any pompe in temperall Emperie!

Hip. Good madam get my Lord to let vs greet him.

Eng. Alas we shall but wrong and trouble him.
His Contemplations greet him with most welcome,

Fur. I neuer knew a man of so sweet a temper
So soft and humble, of so high a Spirit;

Mom. Alas my noble Lord he is not rich,
Nor titles hath, nor in his tender cheekeſ
The ſtanding lake of *Impudencē* corrupts,
Hath nougħt in all the world; nor houȝt wood haue,
To grace him in the proſtituted light.
But if a man wood conſort with a Soule
VVhere all mans Sea of gall and bitternesſ
Is quite evaporate with hir holy flames,
And in whioſe powers a Doue-likeſſ Innocence
Fofters her owne deſerts; and life and death,
Runnes hānd in hānd before them: All the Skies
Cleere and transparent to her piercing eyeſ;
Then wood my friend be ſomething, but till then
A Gipher, nothing, or the worſe of men.

Feul. Sweet Lord lets goe visit him. Enter Gooscappe.

Goof. Pray good my Lord, what's that you talke on sib

Mom. Are you come from your necessarie busines Sir
Gyles? we talk of the visiting of my sicke friend Clarence.

Goode O good my Lord let vsit him, cause I knowe
his brother.

Hip. Know his brother, nay then Count do

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Sir Gyles Gooseodappe.

not denie him.

Goof. Pray my Lord whether was eldest, he or his elder brother?

Mom. O! the younger brother eldest, while you liue Sir Gyles.

Goof. I say so still my Lord, but I am so borne down with truth as neuer any knight in this world was I thinke.

Ta. A man woud thinke he speakes simplie now; but indeed it is in the will of the parents, to make which child they will youngest, or eldest: For often we see the younger inherite, wherein he is eldest am boode.

Eug. Your Logicall wit my Lord is able to make any thing good.

Mom. Well come sweet Lords, & Ladies, let vs spend The time till supper-time with some such sights. As my poore house is furnished with alr. Pictures and Jewels; of which implements It may be I haue some wil please you much yonder flane.

Goof. Sweet Lord lets see them.

Enter Clarence and Doctor.

Do. I thinke your disease Sir, be rather of the mind then the bodie.

Cla. Be there diseases of the mind Doctor?

Do. No question Sir, euermas there be of the bodie.

Cla. And cures for them too? not by a wonder of selfe.

Do. And cures for them too, but not by Phisick.

Cla. You will haue their deseases, greifes? wil ye not?

Do. Yes, often times; but not by a wonder of selfe.

Cla. And doe not greifes euer rise out of passions?

Do. Euermore.

Cla. And doe not passions proceed from corporall distempers?

Do. Not the passions of the mind, for the mind many times is sick, when the bodie is healthfull.

Cla. But is not the mindes lacke of power to make the bodie sick?

Do. In time, certainte.

Cla. And the bodies ill affections able to infect the
Do. No question. (mind?)

Cla. Then if there bee ſuch a naturall commerce of
Powers betwixt them, that the ill estate of the one of-
fends the other, why ſhould not the medicines for one
cure the other?

Do. Yet it will not you ſee. *Hoc mihi quod nullus amor*
est medicabilis herbis.

Cla. Nay then Doctor, ſince you cannot make any
reasonable Connexion of theſe two contrarieties the
minde and the bodie, making both ſubiect to paſſion,
wherein you confound the ſubſtances of both, I muſt
tell you there is no diſease of the minde but one, and
that is *Ignorance*.

Do. VVhy what is loue? is not that a diſease of the
minde?

Cla. Nothing ſo: for it ſprings naturally out of the
bloode, nor are we ſubiect to any diſease, or ſorrowe,
whose cauſes or effects ſimply and natu'relly concerne
the bodie, that the minde by any meanes partaketh, nor
are there any paſſions in the Soule, for where there are
no affections, there are no paſſions: And *Affectus* your
maſter *Gallen* refers *parti irascentis*, For *illic est anima senti-ens*. *vbi ſunt affectus*: Therefore the Rationall Soule can-
not be there alſo.

Do. But you know we vſe to ſay, my minde giues mee
this or that, eu'en in thoſe addiſions that concerne the
bodie.

Cla. VVe vſe to ſay ſo indeed, and from that vſe comes
the abuse of all knowledge, and her practize, for when
the obiect in queſtion onely concerneſ the ſtate
of the bodie? why ſhould the ſoule bee ſorry or glad
for it: if ſhe willingly mixe her ſelfe, then ſhee is a foole,
if of neceſſitie and againſt her will, A ſlaue, And ſo, far
from that wiſdome, and freedome that the Emprefſe of
Reason, and an eternall Subſtance ſhould comprehend.

Do. Diuinely ſpoken Sir, but verie Paradoxiſallie.

Sir Gyles Geofsecappe.

Enter Mornford, Tales, Kingcob, Furnif, Rudes, Goof, Shalme, Foul, Eugenia, Penelope, Hippolita, Winnifrid, Mom.

Who's there?

I, my Lord.

Mom. Bring hether the key of the gallerie, me thought I heard the Doctor and my friend.

Fur. I did so sure.

Mom. Peace then a while my Lord
We will be bold to evesdroppe; For I know
My friend is as respectiue in his chamber
And by himselfe, of any thing he does
As in a Criticke Synods curious eyes
Following therein Pythagoras golden rule.
Maxime omnium teipsum reuerere.

Cla. Knowe you the Countesse Eugenia Sir?

Do. Exceeding wel Sir, she's a good learned scholler.

Cla. Then I perceiue you know her well indeed.

Do. Me thinks you two shood vse much conference.

Cla. Alas sir, we doe verie seldome meet,
For her estate, and mine are so vnequall;
And then her knowledge passeth mine so farre
That I hold much to sacred a respect,
Of hit high vertues to let mine attend them.

Do. Pardon me Sir, this humblenes cannot flowe
Out of your udgment but from passion.

Cla. Indeed I doe account that passion,
The verie high perfection of my mind,
That is excited by her excellency,
And therefore willingly, and gladly feele it.
For what was spoken of the most chast Queene
Of riche Pasiaca may be said of her.
Anteuenit sortem moribus virtutibus Annos,
Sexum animo, morum Nobilitate Genus.

Do. A most excellent Distick.

Mom. Come Lords away, lets not presume too much
Of a good nature, not for all I haue
VVood I haue him take knowledge of the wrong.

Sir Gyles Gooscappe.

I rudely offer him: come then ile shewe
A few rare Jewels to your honour'd eyes,
And then present you with a common supper.

Goos. I dwells my Lord, why is not this candlestick
one of your iewells pray?

Mom. Yes marrre is it Sir Gyles if you will.

Goos. Tis a most faire candlesticke in truth, it wants
nothing but the languages.

Pen. The languages seruant, why the languages?

Geos. VVhy misris; there was a latin candlestick here
afore, and that had the languages I am sure.

Ta. I thought he had a reason for it Ladie.

Pen. I and a reason of the Sunne too my Lord, for
his father wood haue bin ashamed on't. *Exeunt.*

Do. VWell master Clarence I perceiue your mind
Hath so incorporate it selfe with flesh
And therein rarified that flesh to spirit,
That you haue need of no Phisitians helpe,
But good Sir even for holy vertues health
And grace of perfect knowledge, doe not make
Those ground-workes of eternitie, you lay
Meanes to your ruine, and short being here:
For the too strict and rationall Course you hold
VVill eat your bodie vp; and then the world,
Or that small point of it, where virtue liues
VVill suffer Diminution: It is now
Brought almost to a simple vnitie,
VVhich is, (as you well know) *Simplicior puncto.*
And if that point faile once, why, then alas
The vnitie must onely be suppos'd,
Let it not faile then, most men else haue sold it;
Tho you neglect your selfe, vphould it,
So with my reuerend loue I leaue you Sir. *Exit.*

Cla. Thanks worthie Doctor, I do amply quite you
I proppe poore vertue, that am propt my selfe,
And onely by one friend in all the world,
For vertues onely sake I yse this wile,

Sir Giles Gooscappe.

VVhich otherwise I wood despise and scorne,
The world should sinke and all the pompe she hugs
Close in her hart, in her ambitious gripe
Ere I sustaine it, if this flendrest ioynt
Mou'd with the worth that worldlings loue so well
Had power to saue it from the throate of hell

He drames the Curtaines and sits within them.

Enter Eugenia, Penelope, Hippolita.

Eug. Come on faire Ladies I must make you both
Familiar witnesses of the most strange part
And full of impudence that ere I plaide.

Hip. VVhats that good madam?

Eug. I that haue bene so more then maiden-nice
To my deare Lord and vnkie not to yeeld
By his importunate suite to his friends loue
In looke, or almost thought; will of my selfe
Farre past his expectation or his hope
In action, and in person greete his friend,
And comfort the poore gentlemans sick state.

Pen. Is this a part of so much Impudence?

Eug. No but I feare me it will stretch to more

Hip. Mary madam the more the merrier.

Eug. Marrie Madam? what shood I marrie him?

Hip. You takethe word me thinkes as tho you would,
And if there be a thought of such kind heate
In your cold bosome, wood to God my breath
Might blowe it to the flame of your kind hart.

Eug. Gods precious Ladie, knowe ye what you say,
Respect you what I am, and what he is,
VVhat the whole world wood say, & what great Lords
I haue refused and might as yet embrace,
And speake you like a friend, to wish me him?

Hip. Madam I cast all this, and know your choyse
Can cast it quite out of the christall dores
Of your Iudicall eyes: I am but young
And be it said without all pride I take,

Sir Gyles Gooſecappe.

To be a maid, I am one, and indeed
Yet in my mothers wombe to all the wiles
Weend in the loomes of greatnes, and of state :
And yet euē by that little I haue learn'd
Out of continuall conference with you,
I haue cride haruest home of thus much iudgment
In my greene ſowing time, that I cood place
The conſtant ſweetnes of good *Clarence* mind,
Fild with his inward wealth and noblenes;
(Looke madam here,) when others outward trahſe
Shood be contented to come vnder here.

Pen. And ſo ſay I vpon my maidenhead.

Eug. Tis well ſaid Ladies, thus we differ then,
I to the truth-wise, you to worldy men :
And now ſweet dames obſerue an excellent iest
(At leaſt in my poore iesting.) Th' Erle my vncle
Will miſſe me ſtraiſte, and I know his cloſe drift
Is to make me, and his friend *Clarence* meete
By ſome deuice or other he hath plotted.
Now when he ſeekes vs round about his houſe
And cannot find vs, for we may be ſure
He will not ſeeke me in his ſicke friends chamber,
(I haue at al times made his loue ſo ſtrange,)
He ſtraight will thinke, I went away diſpleaſ'd,
Or hartelie careles of his hartieſt ſate.
And then I know there is no greife on earth
Will touch his hart ſo much, which I will ſuffer
To quite his late good pleasure wrought on me,
For ile be ſworne in motion and progreſſe
Of his friends ſuite, I neuer in my life
VVraſtled ſo much with paſſion or was mou'd
To take his firme loue in ſuch Iclouſe part.

Hip. This is moſt exceilent madam, and will proue
A neecelike, and a noble frens Reuenge.

Eug. Bould in a good cauſe, then lets greet his friend,
VVhere is this ſickly gentleman at his booke?
Now in good troth I wood theis bookeſ were burnd

That

Sir Gyles Gooscappe.

That rapp men from their friends before their time,
How does my vnckles friend, no other name
I need give him, to whome I gige my selfe,

Cla. O madam let me rise that I may kneele,
And pay some dutie to your soueraigne grace.

Hip. Good Clarence doe not worke your selfe disease
My Ladie comes to ease and comfort you.

Pen. And we are handmaides to her to that end.

Cla. Ladies my hart will breake, if it be held
VWithin the verge of this presumtuous chaire.

Eng. VVhy, Clarence is your iudgement bent to shew
A common louers passion? let the world,
That liuet without a hart, and is but shewe,
Stand on her emtie, and impoisoned forme,
I knowe thy kindenesse, and haue seene thy hart,
Clest in my vnckles free, and friendly lippes
And I am onely now to speake and act,
The rit'es due to thy loue: oh I cood weepe.
A bitter shewe of teares for thy sick state,
I cood giue passion all her blackest tites.
And make a thousand vowes to thy deserts,
But these are common, knowledge is the bond,
The seale and crowne of our vnited mindes,
And that is rare, and constant, and for that,
To my late written hand I giue thee this,
See heauen, the soule thou gau'st is in this hand.
This is the knot of our eternitie,
VWhich fortune, death, nor hell, shal euer loose.

Enter Bullaker. Jack Wil.

Ia. VVhat an unmannerly trick is this of thy coun-
tesse, to giue the noble count her vnckle the slippe
thus?

Wil. Vnmannerlie, you villayne? O that I were
worthie to weare a dagger to anie purpose for thy
sake?

Bul. VVhy young gentlemen, vtter your anger
with your fistes.

Wil. *Tha'*

Sir Gyles Gooſecappe;

Wil. That cannot be man, for all fistes are shut you know, and vtter nothing, and besides I doe not thinke my quarrell iust for my Ladies protection in this cause, for I protest she does most abhominable miscarrie her ſelfe.

Ia: Protest you sawſie lack you, I ſhoođ doe my countrie and court ſhippe good ſeruice to beate thy coalts teeth out of thy head, for ſuffering ſuch a reuerend worde to paſſe their guardes why, the o!deſt courtier in the world man, can doe noe more then protest,

Bul. Indeede page if you were in Fraunce, you wood bee broken vpon a wheele for it, there is not the beſt Dukeſſonne in Fraunce dares ſaie I protest, till hee bee one and thirtie yeere old at leaſt, for the inheritance of that worde is not to bee poſſeſſt before.

Wil. VVell, I am ſorie for my presumption then, but more ſorie for my Ladies, marie moſt ſorie for thee good Lorde Momforde, that will make vs moſt of all ſorie for our ſelues, if wee doe not fynde her out.

Ia: VVhy alas what ſhood wee doe? all the ſtarres of our heauen ſee, wee ſecke her as fast as wee can, if ſhee bee crept into a rush wee will ſecke her out or burne her.

Enter Momford.

Mom. Villaines wherē are your Ladies, ſecke them Out; hence, home ye monsters, nad ſtil keep you there VVhere lenitie keepes, in her in conſtant Spheare, Awāie you preiuous villaines, what a plague, Of varried tortures is a womans hart.

How like a peacockes taile with diſſerent lightes, They diſſer from them ſelues; the very ayre Alters the aspen humors of their bloods.

*Exeunt
Pages.*

Now

Ser Gyles Gooſecappe.

Now excellent good, now superexcellent badd.
Some excellent good, some? but one of all:
VVood anie ignorant babie serue her friend,
Such an vnciuill part? Sblood what is learning?
An artificiall cobwebbe to catch flies,
And nourish Spiders, cood she cut my throate,
VV with her departure I had byn her calfe,
And made a dish at supper for my guests
Of her kinde charge, I am beholding to her,
Puffe, is there not a feather in this zyre
A man may challenge for her? what? a feather?
So easie to be seene; so apt to trace;
In the weake flight of her vnconstant wings?
A mote man at the most, that with the sunne,
Is onely seene, yet with his radiant eye,
we cannot singe so from other motes,
To say this mote is shee, passion of death,
She wrongs me past a death, come, come my friend,
Is mine, she not her owne, and theres an end.

Eng. Come vncle shall we goe to supper now?

Mom. Zounes to supper? what a dorr is this?

Eng. A las what ailes my vncle, Ladies see.

Hip. Is not your Lordshippe well?

Pen. Good speake my Lord.

Mom. A sweete plague on you all, ye wittie rogues
haue you no pittie in your villanous iests, but runne a
man quite from his fifteene witts?

Hip. VVill not your Lord-shippe see your friend,
and neece?

Mom. VVood I might sinke if I shame not to see her
Tush t'was a passion of pure Ielosie,
Ile now make her now a mends with Adoration.
Goddes of learning and of constancie,
Of friendshippe and euerie other vertue.

Eng. Come, come, you haue abus'de me now I know
And now you plaister me with flatteries.

Pen. My Lord the contract is knit fast betwixt them

Mom. Now

Sir Gyles Goosescappe.

Mom. Now all heauens quire of Angels sing Amen,
And blesse theis true borne nuptials with their blisse,
And Neece tho you haue Confid me in this,
Ile vnckle you yet in an other thing,
And quite deceiue your expectation.
For where you think you haue contracted harts
VVith a poore gentleman, he is sole heire
To all my Earledome, which to you and yours
I freely, and for euer here bequeath;
Call forth the Lords, sweet Ladies let them see
This sodaine and most welcome Noueltie,
But crie you mercy Neece, perhaps your modestie
VVill not haue them pertake this sodaine matche.

Eng. O vnckle thinke you so, I hope I made
My choyce with too much Judgment to take shame
Of any forme I shall performe it with.

Mom. Said like my Neece, and worthy of my friend.

Enter Furnifal, Tal: King: Goos: Rud: Foul: Ia:

Will, Bullaker.

Mom: My Lords, take witnes of an absolute wonder,
A mariage made for vertue, onely vertue,
My friend, and my deere neece are man and wife.

Fur. A wonder of mine honour, and withall
A worthie presedent for al the world;
Heauen blesse you for it Ladie, and your choyce.

Ambo. Thankes my good Lord.

Ta. An Accident that will make pollicie blushe,
And all the Complements of wealth and state,
In the successfull and vnumbred Race
That shall flowe from it, fild with fame and grace.

Kin. So may it speed deere Countesse, worthy Clarence.

Ambo. Thankes good Sir Cutberd.

Fur. Captaine be not dismaid, Ile marrie thee,
For while we liue, thou shalt my consort be.

Foul. By Fraunce my Lord, I am not grieu'd a whit,
Since Clarence hath her; he hath bin in Fraunce,
And therefore merits her if she were better.

Sir Gyles Gooscappe.

Mom. The knights ile knit your happie nuptial knots,
I know the Ladies minds better then you;
Tho my rare Neece hath chose for vertue onlie,
Yet some more wise then some, they choose for both
Vertue, and wealth.

Eug. Nay wackle then I plead
This goes with my choyce, *Some more wise then some,*
For onely vertues choise is truest wisedome.

Mom. Take wealth, & vertue both amongst you then,
They loue ye knights exreamely, and Sir Cut:
I giue the chaste Hippolita to you,
Sir Gyles this Ladie;

Pen. Nay stay there my Lord,
I haue not yet prou'd all his knightly parts
I heare he is an excellent Poet too.

Tal. That I forgot sweet Ladie; good Sir Gyles
Have you no sonnet of your penne about ye?

Goos. Yes, that I haue I hope my Lord my Cosen.

Fur. Why, this is passing fit.

Goos. Ide be loth to goe without paper about me
against my mistris, hold my worke againe, a man knows
not what neede he shall haue perhaps.

Mom. VVell remembred a mine honour Sir Gyles:

Goos. Pray read my Lorde, I made this sonnet of my
mistris.

Rud. Nay reade thy selfe man.

Goos. No intruth Sir Cut: I cannot reade mine owne
hande.

Mom. VVell I will reade it.

Three things there be which thou shouldest only crane,
Thou Pomroy, or thou apple of mine eye;

Three things there be, which thou shouldest longe to haue,
And for which three, each modest dame wood cri;

Three things there be, that shood thine anger swage,

An English mastife, and a fine french page.

Rud. Sblood Aile, theres but two things, thou sham &
thy selfe.

Goos. VVhy

Sir Gyles Gooscappe.

VVhy Sir Cut: that's Poeticalicentia, the verſe wood haue
binne too long, and I had put in the third, S'light you
are no Poet I perceiue.

Pen. Tis excellent ſeruant.

Mom. Keepe it Ladie then,
And take the onely knight of mortall men.

Goos. Thanke you good my Lord as much as tho you
had giuen me twentic shillings in truth, now I may take
the married mens parts at footeball.

Mom. All comforts crowne you all; & you Captaine
For merrie forme ſake let the willowe crowne;
A wreath of willow bring vs hither Straite.

Fur. Not for a world ſhood that haue bin forgot
Captaine it is the fashion, take this crowne.

Foul. VVith all my hart my Lord, and thanke ye too
I will thanke any man that giues me crownes.

Mom. Now will we conſecrate our readie ſupper
To honourd Hymen as his nuptiall rite,
In forme whereof first daunce faire Lords and Ladies
And after ſing, ſo we will ſing and daunce,
And to the ſkies our vertuous ioyes aduance.

The Measure.

Now to the ſong, and doe this garland grace.

Canto.

Willowe, willowe, willowe.

our captaine goes downe:

Willowe, willowe, willowe,

his vallor doth crowne.

The reſt with Rosemarie we grace,

O Hymen let thy lights

With ričest rayes guild euerie face,

and eaſt harts with delights.

Willowe, willowe, willow,

we chaunt to the ſkies;

And with blacke and yellowe,

giue courtſhip the prize.

EINIS.







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